

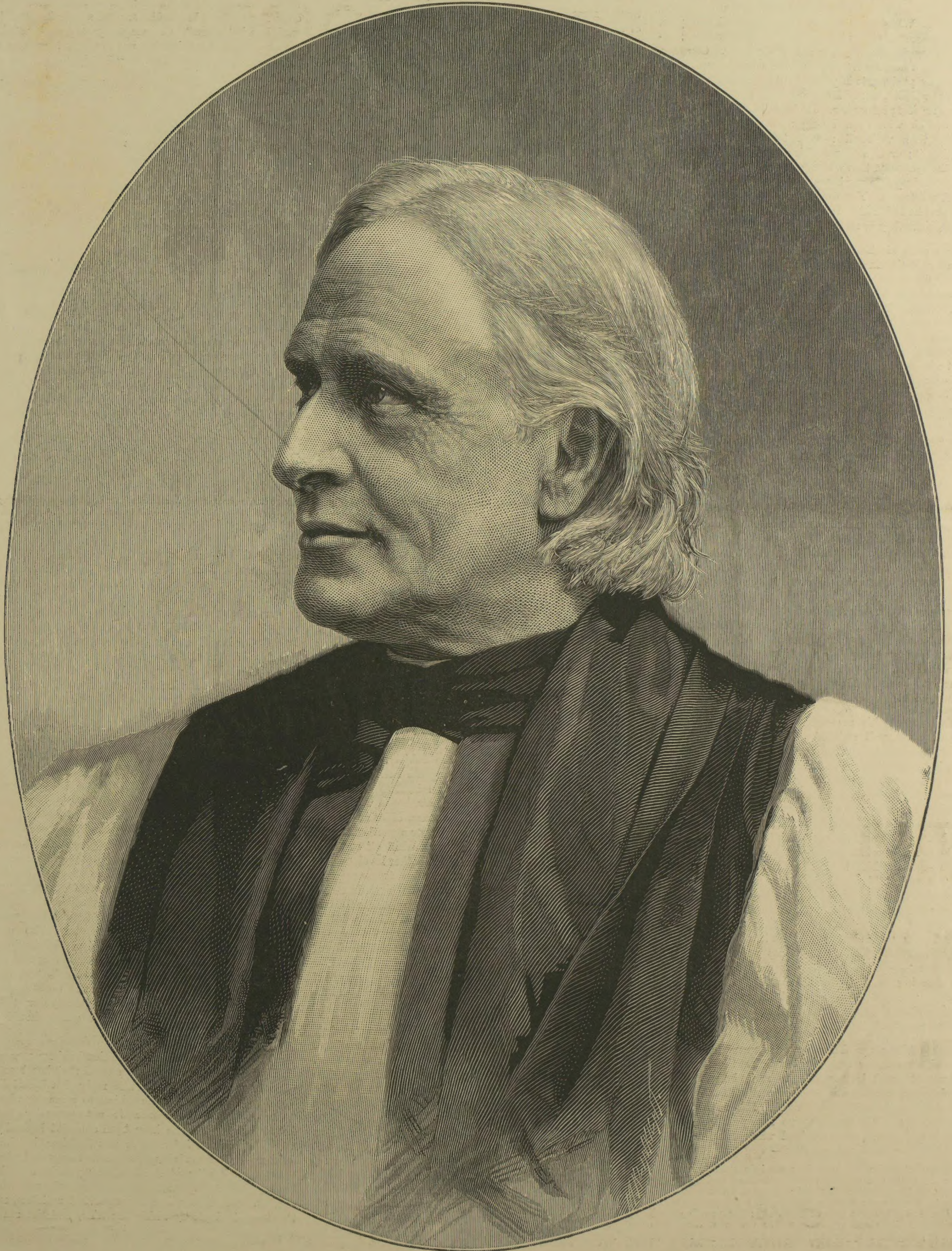
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, THE RIGHT HON. AND MOST REV. EDWARD WHITE BENSON, D.D.

*From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.*



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

If there is one temptation which human nature finds it more difficult to resist than another, it is that of impressing our fellow-creatures with one's gifts as a linguist. We find it even in persons who have mastered, or think they have mastered, a dead language. They cannot resist making quotations from it to persons who, they know, cannot understand a word they say; they affect to go into convulsions if anybody quotes from it and makes a false quantity, a joke that never fails with the learned. But it is the man who talks modern languages who is least inclined to keep his light under a bushel: he always prefers a foreign word to its English synonym, and gives to its pronunciation such an amazing significance that we almost fear it has some *double entente*, and means something improper. When he uses the French or Italian tongue, he often accompanies it (in order to give national colouring) with some misdirected action of the limbs. Consider, then, what a sacrifice it must involve for one who possesses these accomplishments in perfection to conceal them. Yet I do know such a man. He is naturally reticent, and also something of a philosopher. He bears his weight of learning, though with ease, by no means "like a flower," because that, with all respect to the poet, suggests flaunting it; or if a flower, it is as the violet half hidden from the eye—nay, that which, given to us by our beloved object, we drop into our bosoms and only remove with our flannel waistcoats. You would never guess from his silent ways that he had half-a-dozen languages at the top of his tongue, since they so seldom get any further.

This eccentric individual, after many autumn holidays in many lands, in all of which, according to his own account, he was taken for a native, suddenly resolved to try what a tour would be to one who knew no language but his own. It would not only be a novel experience, but he fancied it would be the shortest way to see himself as others saw him. The only method by which this can be arrived at with certainty is to be stone-deaf and then to be cured without one's friends being aware of it, when their frankness of speech is said to be most refreshing; but the next best plan is, no doubt, that which my friend hit upon. To most people it would be no easy business to carry through; in Nihilist and other conspiracies it is found, we read, exceedingly difficult to affect dumbness when one can speak, and any sudden shock—the treading with stockinged feet on "the business end of a tin-tack," or dropping a sovereign into the gutter—may compel an execration that may cause you a journey to Siberia, and indirectly prolong a dynasty. But being naturally averse to conversation, my friend accomplished his object. He wandered over Europe for months like a good child, "seen but not heard." He has just returned, a melancholy man and more silent than ever. As he had informed me of his design, I ventured to inquire how he had got on with it. He only shook his head. I would give much to know what people said of him in his presence, though, as they imagined, without his knowledge, but I can get no details. He only murmurs disconnected foreign phrases, which I look out in a polyglot dictionary and piece together as well as I can. Here are some of them translated: "Ugly enough to be chained up," "Not Solomon's Eldest," "Cook, Cook."

Modest as to his accomplishments, my friend is, not without reason, well satisfied with his personal appearance and aristocratic demeanour, and I can easily believe that these judgments have galled him. Still, he might be more communicative to a friend. Had he been so I should have regarded his confessions as confidential; as matters stand I feel no necessity for concealment, and sincerely wish I had more to tell. He acknowledged, however, that his plan had been a complete success as regarded its intention. He knows now what people—or, at all events, foreign people—think of him, but bitterly regrets the experiment. "It was wicked," he says, "to have made it. It is like pretending to be dead, as some folks have impiously done, in order to get the opinion of the world of them while they were alive." "No doubt," replied I, irritated by his want of confidence, "and don't you think it was rather—well—not quite straightforward to entrap persons to express themselves?" I hesitated. "It strikes you as being like listening at a keyhole, does it?" he interrupted wearily. "Pray don't apologise. That's *nothing*—nothing at all to what I have heard said of me every day for the last two months."

It is not long ago that, upon another matter than the Armenian massacres, and, as it seemed at the time, a not less urgent one, I had occasion to remind the reader of the deliverance of one of our foremost political writers, and a divine of the English Church. His warning is no less necessary, his argument no less pertinent, to-day than it was then. It is England who speaks, or should speak, to-day, as she spoke then—

For God's sake, do not drag me into another war! I am worn down and worn out with crusading and defending Europe and protecting Mankind; I must think a little of myself. I am sorry for the Spaniards, I am sorry for the Greeks, I deplore the fate of the Jews; the people of the Sandwich Islands are groaning under the most detestable tyranny; Bagdad is oppressed; I do not like the present state

of the Delta; Thibet is not comfortable. Am I to fight for all these people? The world is bursting with sin and sorrow. Am I to be the champion of the Decalogue, and to be eternally raising fleets and armies to make all men good and happy?

What words of wisdom, nay, of Christian policy, are these, though apparelled in the garb of humour! Are we to go to war with the world because the Armenians are suffering from a detestable tyranny? Are not the Jews of Russia suffering, and the people in the Congo? Are not the dark places of the earth everywhere full of the habitations of cruelty? By all means let us destroy them where we can. There is, it is true, no nation upon earth that has shown itself one half so resolute to do so, or has made one-tenth of the sacrifices in attempting it; but that is all the more reason why we should not risk its existence upon a single crusade, of the means for which we are not possessed, and whose end no foresight can discern. It would be as though some impulsive philanthropist should run the risk of losing his all upon a doubtful scheme of benevolence, to find his object unaccomplished at last, and himself beggared, and prevented for all time from doing further good to anybody.

An admirer of Ibsen has, I remark, been extolling his idol after the modern fashion, by depreciating Shakspeare, who, it seems, is exceedingly overrated. I cannot help thinking that persons who indulge in this form of criticism would be found, if examined medically, to be suffering from some form of dementia which needs to be classified. One can understand, if with some difficulty, a man—though hardly a woman—admiring Ibsen, and even not admiring Shakspeare; but why should he make the matter public? Abuse of an established favourite is a very different thing, it must be remembered, from confessing one's inability to appreciate him. Does he, Jones, or whatever his name is, expect to effect a revolution in the literary opinion of ages? In that case a certificate ought to be made out and signed by two doctors that he may be placed in safe custody at once; so great an access of vanity could never have seized anyone with a sane mind. It is more probable, like a boy that throws a stone at a painted window in a cathedral, that he simply wishes to make himself notorious, but even then it is a mad sort of thing to do. There are so many quite as extraordinary and less contemptible ways of drawing attention to himself. It would not be worth while to notice it were there not just now such a plague of Joneses. They swarm upon the reputation of our great writers, and endeavour to stain the white radiance of their fame as flies defile a statue of alabaster. Scott and Dickens and Thackeray have all of late been fly-blown in this fashion. No harm, indeed, is done to them; but the custom is deplorable. Of course, Jones cannot be restrained from fresh meat—he must fly-blow *that*—but cannot some statute of limitations be enacted to protect the departed? When a writer's fame has been established (for example) for twenty years it is surely unnecessary to rend him; he has been rent enough by that time. What folly it is in Jones to attempt to shake his reputation! Finally, who (except Jones) wants to hear Jones's opinion?

A French writer, in discussing the habits of his literary fellow-countrymen, speaks of their hours of labour. Most of them, it seems, work in the morning, many at night, and few in the afternoon. Authors manage matters in France, in short, not better, but pretty much as they do in England. Like advice about eating and drinking, sanitary suggestions as to times for brain-work must depend upon the constitution of the patient. According to a medical journal which comments upon the subject, there is no danger in working at night, unless agents such as alcohol or tea or coffee are employed to stimulate the brain. "Littré spent his days in the open air, began work after dinner, and left off in the small hours, often as late as five a.m." This may be all very well for a gentleman who edits dictionaries, but it would very soon kill off one who writes works of the imagination. On the other hand, no poet or novelist who knows his business suffers from overwork as regards the mere hours of labour; he is made aware by unmistakable signs when his mind has come to the end of its tether; when, merely from an economical point of view, it is better to stop and begin again on the morrow, than to spur his tired Pegasus. One of the evil results of the undertaking—very common in these days—to produce something by a certain date is the necessary disregard of these warnings. The poem or the story suffers, and its writer is injured both in health and repute.

Some authors even of genius have been very resolute and indomitable in their hours of labour. Walter Scott and Anthony Trollope rose betimes, lit their own fires, and "broke the neck of the day's work" long before breakfast. This is unusual. I have known some to announce their intention overnight to do the like, but courage is apt to ooze out at the finger-tips on winter mornings. They aver that in the early hours the house is still, and the universe in tune for composition; but presently they reflect that things are also nearly as quiet at night. They remind one of the lazy tourist who, being called at three a.m. to ascend the mountain to see the sunrise, inquires whether the sunset is not almost as beautiful. Most imaginative writers work from ten to one, and if they have done so perseveringly, may well be content; for

the rest of the day, if they have appetite for work, it should be of another kind, though, of course, if they feel themselves especially in the vein, there is no harm in letting Nature take her course. It is only work against the grain that hurts us. The medical journal above alluded to remarks: "A considerable number of literary men work at references and other mechanical duty before lunch, doing all their composition, which is what is precisely understood by the word 'writing,' in the afternoon." This can hardly include imaginative writers, whose methods, as far as I have observed them, are exactly the reverse. They keep their freshest time for their work, and give the rest of it to acquisition of material. I remember, indeed, to have heard Thackeray say that he answered his letters before sitting down to his work, but his replies were probably brief. Again the professional authority warns "elderly writers who are apt to take little or no lunch, and to stroll out a few minutes before dinner after a long fast and hard work in a hot room." One can easily imagine the unwholesomeness of such a habit, but not so easily how those who indulge in it manage to become "elderly."

If the death of George Du Maurier has not eclipsed the gaiety of nations it has shadowed that of his own. Every Englishman with eyes in his head and a taste for humour without coarseness will miss him every week. Nothing here, nor, indeed, anywhere, can be said to enhance his claims upon us, for we all admit them. Let it suffice for one who knew him to say that he was lovable as a friend as he was admirable as an artist—whether with pen or pencil—a tender-hearted, generous-minded gentleman, on whose tomb may be inscribed with a sincerity very rare in epitaphs, "He left the world brighter than he found it, and not one enemy behind him."

I have had many letters respecting my supposed misquotation from Tennyson—

Every minute dies a man,  
Every minute one is born.

It is so written in the early editions, but was, it appears, afterwards altered. Even the improved version has been objected to, since if deaths and births were in the same proportion the population would not increase. A friend reminds me that in the "Competition Wallah" a statistical individual is made to observe that the couplet ought by rights to run—

Every moment dies a man,  
And one and one-sixteenth is born.

But such accuracy in a poet is hardly to be expected.

In spite of all the talk about our "so-called nineteenth century" and its science and materialism, Romance is at least as popular with us as it ever was. It is probably the last thing that men's minds will "willingly let die," though their recognition of it is often faulty and not seldom tinged with vulgarity. It is noteworthy how houses which have traditions about them contrive, even when pulled down and rebuilt, to retain their glamour and produce their impression. It seems that it is so even with a box at a theatre. I read that a story has got about respecting a box at Drury Lane, which is nightly occupied by a figure invisible to the other occupants, but distinctly seen by the rest of the audience. As a matter of fact—if fact can be said to be concerned in the matter—the legend belongs to Covent Garden. It has been embalmed in fiction twice, once by the authoress of "John Halifax," a lady not given to write upon such subjects. W. H. Wills, the sub-editor of *Household Words*, who acted as a sort of literary cullender to his chief, informed him one day that a most excellent ghost story had been contributed by Miss Mulock. He said, "Nonsense, she can't write a ghost story." But she could, and a very good one. The subject of it was in reality "The Guinea Box," which in my young days was advertised in every morning paper, but she had apparently received an inaccurate account of it. Why it was so much cheaper than any other box was the question that occurred to everybody, for it was on the grand tier. It was said that a pillar was in the way which obstructed its view of the stage, but this was not the case. A writer more authoritatively informed of the circumstances (though he did not beat Miss Mulock's story in dramatic impressiveness) afterwards explained the matter. The apparition only appeared to the members of the family who owned the box, which accounted for the infrequency of its appearance. A plan was laid for the introduction of quite a family party to meet it; but on the night appointed Covent Garden Theatre was unfortunately burnt down. It seems very improbable that the ghost should have migrated to Drury Lane.

A Section of the British Association has been concerning itself with vertebrates, and endorses all that has been said of their superior position. The reply of a Board-school boy in connection with this subject to a master who had underrated his intelligence is not generally known. Like other persons who have been educated beyond their wits, his scientific information was faultless, but he was deficient in his knowledge of common things and phrases. "My good boy," said the teacher, "you have no backbone." "Pardon me, Sir," he answered, not without dignity. "Everyone has seven cervical vertebrae, except the three-toed sloth, which has nine, and the sea-cow, which has six."

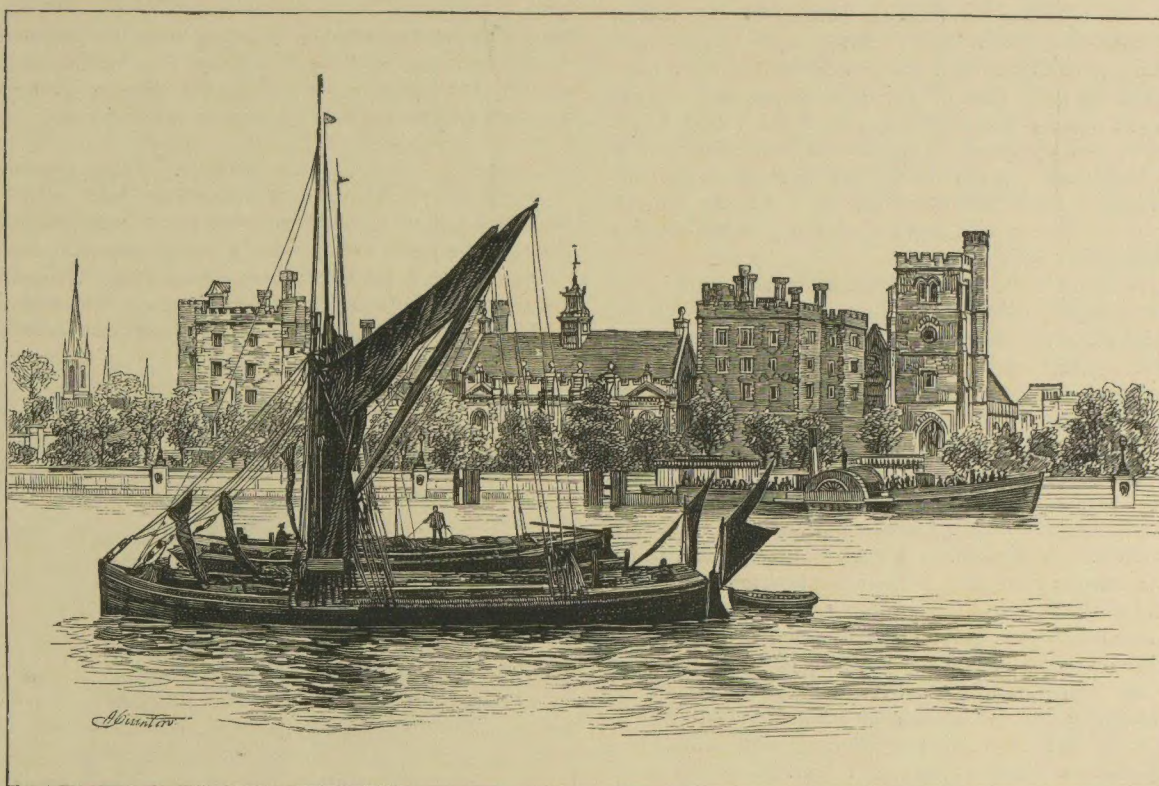


## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

"The Bishop of Truro will come forward and do a great work." That was the prediction of the late Archbishop Tait as he lay upon his death-bed. It has been amply verified, but, in the very middle, as it must seem to his contemporaries, of that work Tait's successor in the see of Canterbury has been cut off. Archbishop Benson could not say, as Tait did, "Other men will do the new work better. . . . I am worn out." Rather, like the late Archbishop Magee, he passed away in the very middle of affairs, with many of his dearest projects still unrealised. During the last year or two some of the Archbishop's friends had marked symptoms which seemed to suggest physical weakness. It is known, too, that he was very much exhausted by the serious anxieties of the last Parliamentary Session. His Irish tour was only in part a holiday, and his Grace was so bad a sailor that his sufferings in crossing probably took away much that his short rest would have won. But no one had looked for the news which by midday on Sunday last began to find its way through the kingdom. Indeed, so little were men prepared for it that many of the Archbishop's friends refused it credence until they had called at Lambeth or telegraphed to Addington.

Edward White Benson, ninety-third Archbishop of Canterbury, came, like so many other ecclesiastics, from the great middle class. His father migrated from Yorkshire to Birmingham early in the present century, and there the future prelate was born in 1829. His school was the old foundation of King Edward VI. at Birmingham. Prince Lee was then head master, and enjoyed the distinction of having at one time under his charge E. W. Benson, J. B. Lightfoot, and B. F. Westcott. A more brilliant trio, in ecclesiastical affairs, were never at

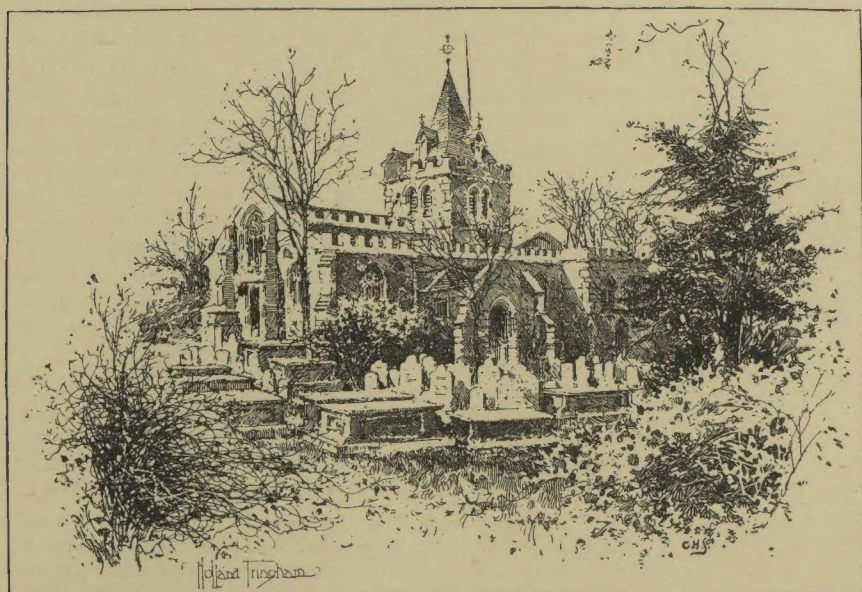


LAMBETH PALACE, THE LONDON RESIDENCE OF THE ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY.

Mr. Benson was recruited by the Head Master of Rugby. He drew some attention upon himself as an assistant master, and when, in 1859, the Governors of Wellington College sought a head for the new school, they found it in young

notice of the Prince Consort, and in this way, as in others, may have influenced his future.

Dr. Benson gave thirteen of the best years of his life to the school, and then, as he was an ardent Churchman,



HAWARDEN CHURCH, THE SCENE OF THE LATE ARCHBISHOP'S FATAL SEIZURE.

school, contemporaries and friends, together. They all went to Cambridge. Benson's share of honours was a First Class in the Classical Tripos, Senior Chancellor's Medal, and a place among the Senior Optimes. A Fellowship at Trinity followed. That was in 1853, and then

Mr. Benson, of Rugby. Wellington grew and prospered under his care. He was successful in gathering around him assistants who caught his own enthusiasm and method, so that he early fixed the tone and character of the school. His work at Wellington brought him much under the

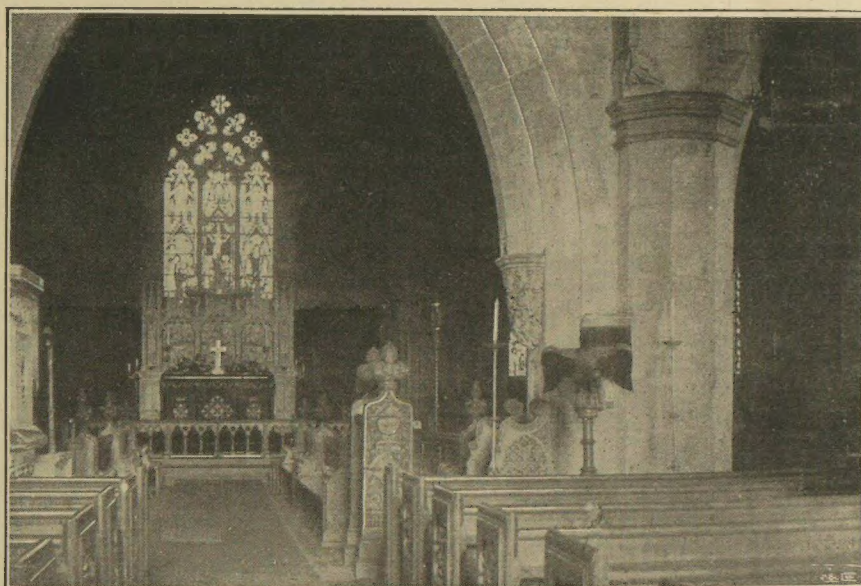
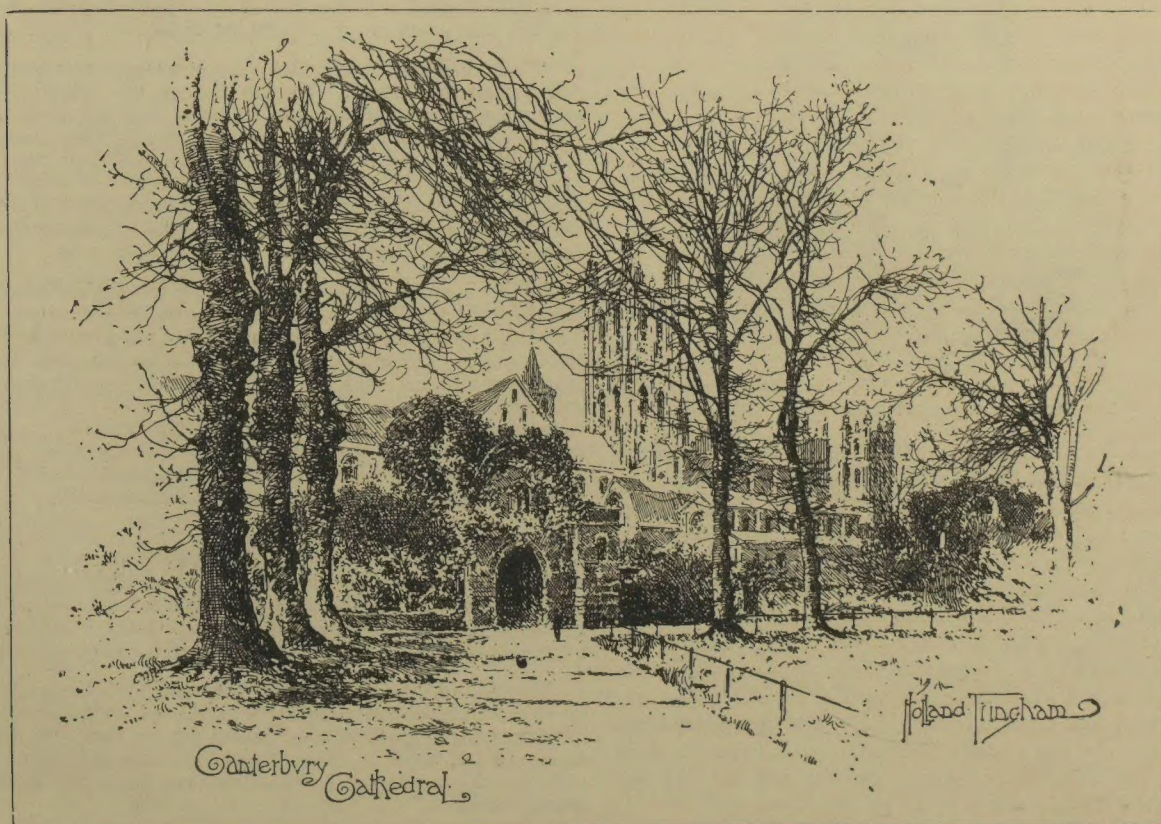


Photo Mr. R. Y. Rae.

HAWARDEN CHURCH: VIEW OF THE CHANCEL, WITH MR. GLADSTONE'S PEW, IN WHICH THE LATE ARCHBISHOP WAS TAKEN ILL.

entered upon more definitely ecclesiastical work. He became a Canon Residentiary of Lincoln, and the Bishop's Examining Chaplain. No doubt the Lincoln work was a kind of interlude; but it gave Dr. Benson experience of cathedral and diocesan problems, which he subsequently used to good effect. The opportunity for this was not long in coming. When the new see of Truro was founded, the Bishop-makers cast about for a man of organising power and of tact. They found him in the ex-Head Master of Wellington. Dr. Benson was accordingly consecrated first Bishop of Truro on April 25, 1877. He was there less than six years; but within that time the cathedral building had been started, numbers of Cornish churches restored, many new churches erected, and mission-chapels built in remoter hamlets. A Theological College, a revival of the Grammar School at Truro, and a new High School for girls, were other witnesses to his organising power. It was but natural, therefore, as we have seen, that when Archbishop Tait's long illness ended in death, men's minds should turn, as Tait's had turned, to the comparatively young Bishop of Truro.

Dr. Benson was enthroned in Canterbury Cathedral on March 29, 1883. The thirteen years which have passed have been singularly fruitful years for the Church of England. It has been a period of unparalleled expansion for the Church, both at home and abroad, and a time of something like internal peace compared with the long strife of Tait's Primacy. The trial of the Bishop of Lincoln, a picturesque event conducted in the library of Lambeth Palace, though in itself an act of warfare, has tended to peace. The Archbishop's influence has been exercised in the moderating of extreme tendencies, and in composing, as far as possible, the internal differences of the Church. His work in this way, as many newspaper comments show, has been imperfectly understood; but it was not the less real because it was not made known from the house-tops. His plans for the consolidation of the Anglican





Communion throughout the world have been cut short as they were ripening toward their consummation; but they were distinctive of his career. His energetic labour, both for Church Defence and Church Reform, was no less conspicuous than that of the late Archbishop Magee. Both felt keenly the Patronage scandals which helped to make difficult the task of Church Defence, and both died before their plans for reform were realised. The Archbishop's keen interest in the more directly spiritual work of the Church did but reflect the personal piety so pronounced in his character.

Into the private life of Archbishop Benson one can scarcely, as yet, claim any right to intrude; but, whether at Lambeth or at Addington, he was the soul of hospitality, a charming conversationalist, an excellent mimic, and the possessor of a great fund of anecdote; he was also an excellent listener. The unremitting toil of an Archbishop's life demanded the utmost economy of time, but by rising early and going to bed late his Grace contrived to get through as much work year by year as might have contented three ordinary men. For years he had snatched fragments of time which he devoted to a work on St. Cyprian, which may shortly see the light. Both at Lambeth and at Addington the Archbishop was fond of riding, although he had not, like Archbishop Tait, the vice of transacting business on horseback. He was, like other members of his family, a lover of animals, and Miss Benson has told us in some detail the story of the Archbishop's favourite dog, Watch. His Grace had been looking forward with pleasurable anticipations to his Hawarden visit. Mr. Gladstone is old enough to have watched the whole career of the Archbishop, in whom he himself reposed peculiar confidence; but it was strange that the younger man should have died "like a soldier" in the very church which for so many years has witnessed the devotions of Mr. Gladstone himself, who still survives.

### THE TURKISH CRISIS.

No important development has yet taken place in the Turkish situation, nor, apparently, is one to be expected. The apprehension of the Powers that any precipitate action would probably plunge Europe into war and the unfortunate Armenians into more terrible straits than ever, continues to be the Sultan's safeguard in his reign of terror; but it is now expected that the understanding which has been brought about between Great Britain, France, and Russia will inspire a more vigorous remonstrance with the Porte than has yet been formulated.

Meantime, however, the Porte's specious promises of conciliation have proved in their fulfilment to be but fresh measures for the arbitrary coercion of the Sultan's Armenian subjects. The Porte has been considering the advisability of confiscating the effects of Armenians who have left the capital in the general panic, and a proposal that the indemnity for the injuries done to foreign property by Turkish rioters should be forced from the purses of wealthy Armenians has been shamelessly discussed. The report which is being prepared for publication by the Military Commission concerning the conduct of the Turkish troops and police at the time of the recent massacres will not carry much weight, since it is now known that the Porte has insisted on supervising its statements. The French and German representatives on this Commission have resigned their offices owing to the Sultan's endeavours to secure a favourable report by high-handed interference.

A protest against the continued apathy of the Powers has been received at the French Embassy from the leaders of the Armenian Revolutionists who attacked the Ottoman Bank. The communication forebodes a desperate outbreak of some kind or another on the part of the whole Armenian population, unless strong measures are taken for its protection.

The popular outcry against the prolonged inaction of the Powers still goes up in England from various indignation meetings, of which one of the latest took the form of a great demonstration in Hyde Park last Sunday. A long procession marched from the Embankment into the park, where nearly thirty thousand persons listened to the eloquence of Mr. John Burns, M.P., the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, and other speakers, who occupied a dozen different platforms.

On other pages of our present issue we give a couple of sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, now at Constantinople. One of these shows the guard-ships of the various foreign Embassies stationed off Therapia. The Porte last week demanded from the Embassies the right to search both these and other foreign vessels touching at Constantinople for Armenian refugees, but it is satisfactory to learn that the demand was summarily refused. Our other sketch shows Sir Philip Currie leaving the British Embassy in his own caique attended by his kavass, in order to be present at a conference at the Austrian Embassy.

### NEW OCCUPANTS OF THE "ZOO."

Within the past week the Zoological Society's fine collection of animals and birds at the popular Gardens in Regent's Park has been enriched by the arrival of several valuable specimens which have been sent over by Sir H. H. Johnston, Administrator of British Central Africa. The new occupants of the "Zoo" are a couple of jackals, two

lemurs, a tiger cat, a genet, and a particularly fine white-headed fish-eagle. The animals were embarked at Beira, the nearest port to Mashonaland, on board the steam-ship *Inchanga*. They all bore the voyage well, and arrived in very good condition at Plymouth, whence they were carefully transferred to their new home.

### THE LATE LORD KENSINGTON.

By the death of Lord Kensington the Liberal party has lost a partisan who was at one time notably active in its service. For seventeen years, dating from 1868, Lord Kensington represented Haverfordwest in Parliament, and during part of that time he displayed remarkable energy

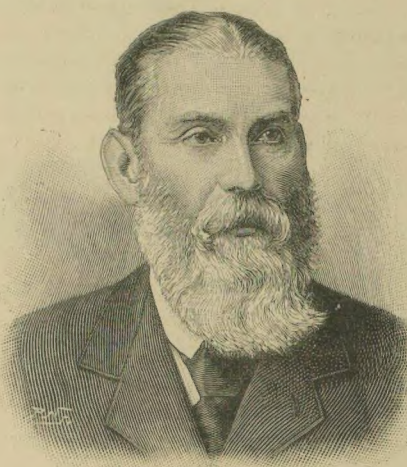


Photo Dickinson and Foster.

THE LATE LORD KENSINGTON.

and conscientiousness as Liberal Whip. His subsequent failure to secure the seat for the Hornsey division of Middlesex was a disappointment to the party, but in 1886, after loyally supporting Mr. Gladstone on the subject of Home Rule, he was made a Peer of the United Kingdom, and thenceforth had a seat in the House of Lords.

Born sixty-one years ago, he was the fourth bearer of the title, which was then an Irish barony. He was educated at Eton, and was subsequently for a few years in the Coldstream Guards. He served the county of Pembroke successively as Vice-Lieutenant and Lord Lieutenant, and the Queen as, in turn, Groom-in-Waiting, Comptroller of the Household, Lord-in-Waiting, and Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard. Lord Kensington's death occurred very suddenly, from failure of the heart, while he was out with a shooting-party on the moor near Yetholm. He was staying at the time at Floors Castle, the Duke of Roxburghe's seat, near Kelso. The late Peer married a daughter of Mr. Robert Johnstone-Douglas of Lockerbie, and is now succeeded by his eldest son, the Hon. William Edwardes, a Lieutenant in the 2nd Life Guards.

### THE LATE ADMIRAL SIR RICHARD WELLS.

The death of Admiral Sir Richard Wells, which took place quite suddenly on Oct. 11 at his town residence in Wilton Place, removes a naval officer of long and distinguished service but a few months after his promotion to the fuller honours of his life. For it was only in March last that Vice-Admiral Wells became an Admiral, and his knighthood dated from the Queen's most recent birthday. Sir Richard Wells was born in 1833, and went to sea fourteen



Photo Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE ADMIRAL SIR RICHARD WELLS, K.C.B.

years later. In the Crimean War he served on board the *Arrogant*, and rose to the rank of mate. He took part in the action of Eckness, in the Gulf of Finland, and witnessed the destruction of Bomarsund, the fort which, in accordance with the terms of the Treaty of Paris, has remained unrestored. As a Lieutenant on board the *Pembroke* he received the Baltic medal after the bombardment of Sveaborg in 1855. Nine years later his life was overshadowed by the tragic fate of the *Bombay*, which was burned to the water near Monte Video while under his command, with terrible loss of life. For two years from 1888 he was Commander-in-Chief on the Cape of Good Hope and West Coast of Africa stations, and in 1894 was appointed to the same office at the Nore.

### HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen drove from Balmoral Castle on Oct. 8 to attend the funeral service for the late Mr. Pater-son, who was gardener at the Castle when the Queen and the Prince Consort first went there, and remained in the royal service in the same capacity over forty years. The Queen has since visited the widow of her deceased servant.

Princess Christian on Oct. 8 performed the ceremony of opening a new club for working boys, organised by Haileybury College, in Stepney; and on the same day Stratford was visited by the Duchess of Albany, who inaugurated a women's settlement, to be carried on in connection with the Mission of Trinity College, Oxford.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have been staying in Budapest on a visit to Prince Philip of Coburg.

The political topic of the hour is the vacant leadership of the Opposition, which Lord Rosebery last week resigned in order that he might thenceforth speak as a free man and a private citizen on the Eastern Question. In his letter of resignation to Mr. T. E. Ellis, the chief Opposition Whip, Lord Rosebery gave as his reasons for this step the fact that he found himself at difference with a large section of the Liberal party on the Eastern Question, and the necessity which he felt for the speaking of his mind on the subject without reference to party politics. Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Asquith have both been assigned by conjecture to the vacant leadership, and it has even been rumoured that Mr. Gladstone may be invited to emerge from his retirement, but nothing is definitely known as yet.

The Norwich Festival, even like that of Worcester, does not seem to have had that general success of enthusiasm which of old used to mark the production of every provincial musical festival. The chief novelty, "Hero and Leander," was contributed by Signor Mancinelli. The new cantata, or—if you prefer so to call it—the new opera, belongs by no means to the old Italian style of music, but has far more intimate relations with the newer and stronger Teutonic forms of composition. Madame Albani, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Watkin Mills took part in the performance with all their customary success; but the choruses were below the usual mark. The same observation applies to the singing of "The Rose of Sharon," the finest piece of musical writing that Sir A. O. Mackenzie has ever produced. Mr. Randegger conducted for the most part; but Dr. Parry, Professor Stanford, and Signor Mancinelli also conducted works which had emanated from their own pens.

At a meeting held last Sunday the Cabdrivers' Union reiterated its protest against the plying of unlicensed vehicles at railway stations, and later in the week the privileged cabdrivers held a meeting at which they passed a vote of thanks to the Home Secretary for his refusal to promote the abolition of their privileges. There is to be another demonstration on Sunday in Hyde Park.

As we go to press the British Government's request for the extradition of Patrick Tynan has not been formally answered by the French authorities, but no doubt is entertained in Paris that the request will be refused. The grounds on which the prisoner is probably to escape extradition are (1) that he has not been sufficiently identified with the notorious "No. 1"—(2) that, granted this identity, he is still not circumstantially proved to have taken part in the Phoenix Park murders—(3) that he is sheltered by the "prescription" which according to French law can be claimed after the lapse of ten years.

There has been fresh fighting in Mashonaland, culminating in the siege of a number of rebel indunas in caves at Marendellas. As the beleaguered chiefs showed no signs of surrendering the caves were blown up with dynamite. One of the chiefs and several natives were killed in the operations, which, however, seem to have successfully cowed the majority of the rebels assembled at this particular stronghold. Mr. Rhodes has since summoned the chiefs to a general conference for the final restoration of peace, and the widespread response with which his proclamation has been met may probably be interpreted as a sign that the insurgents will be glad to come to terms. Major Thorold's patrol from Gwelo had a long night march on Oct. 7, and early on the following day surprised three separate bands of rebels making for Sekakwe. A short skirmish ensued, but the rebels soon gave way and fled, leaving a large quantity of corn and cattle behind them.

General Bernal has had three more engagements with the Cuban insurgents. In the former the rebels were nearly four thousand strong, but were defeated with the loss of eighty men to only a dozen of the Spanish troops. Many of the latter were, however, wounded, and among them four officers. The second encounter was a smaller affair, some seven hundred insurgents being worsted with very heavy loss. Full details of the latest engagement have not yet been received.

While Spain is still cumbered with the Cuban revolt, the rising in the Philippines has continued to gain ground. The latest development of the insurrection has occurred in the island of Mindanao, which has hitherto remained free from disturbance, and sent reinforcements to check the rebellion in the neighbouring island of Luzon. A strong force of native soldiers employed on fortification projects in Mindanao have now thrown off all authority and massacred their officers. On Oct. 12 Spanish troops to the number of 10,000 arrived at Manila to restore order.

Madagascar has once more become the scene of serious disturbances. The population in many districts is in a state of insurrection, which seems to have been fomented rather than checked by the execution of a number of rebels at Antananarivo, where General Gallieni has now arrived to take measures for the pacification of the country.

The outlook at Zanzibar has become threatening again since the flight of the usurping Khalid, and Rear-Admiral Rawson's flag-ship *St. George*, which left on Sept. 24, has been ordered back to Zanzibar, where the squadron is to be further reinforced by the *Gibraltar*, from the Mediterranean Fleet.



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Charles Wyndham has returned from his holiday well and strong again, and his new influence on the pretty play called "Rosemary" is one of the most remarkable things that I can call to mind. One of the most difficult tasks allotted to a reviewer of plays is to discriminate how far a play is made or marred by acting. As a rule, some of our very ablest writers who are interested in the theatre pay very little attention indeed to the creators of character in a play, and devote their whole effort to the play itself, its manner, its method, and its literary merit. In fact, to put it briefly, they prefer the play to the player. When "Rosemary" was first produced, Charles Wyndham was out of health, and sadly needed a rest. He played the earnest bachelor—who always reminds me of the hero of Lord Tennyson's "Maud," the man who at middle age, after leading a lonely disconsolate life, is suddenly awakened into ecstasy with the "gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls"—with admirable effect. Charles Wyndham is too sincere an artist to do anything badly. But the soliloquy

serious actor, and his Sir Jasper Thorndyke in "Rosemary" is one of the most earnest, most human, and most pathetic performances that I have ever seen—as played now. Mark that reservation, "as played now," for the part has never before been played as it is now played by Charles Wyndham. We have here a picture of a sane and sound middle-aged lover conquered by the witchery of a lovely girl—a character played sweetly and charmingly by Miss Mary Moore—of an upright man fired with passion and led back to the paths of honour, as beautiful and true as anything ever given to the French stage by a Delaunay or a Bressant. That scene of resignation and abdication between Charles Wyndham and pretty Miss Mary Moore will be for evermore enclosed in the casket of my most cherished memories.

And up at the Grand Theatre, before John Hare closes his English account for the moment and starts for America, may be seen another instance of an author liberally assisted by acting of the first class. Mr. Francis W. Moore has given to the stage his maiden work. He calls it, rather clumsily I think, "When George the

part to play than Charles Groves. It was a long, and what actors would call a talking, part. He had to preach, and Gilbert Hare had to score off him. But such was the art of Charles Groves that he broke up the long sentences, changed his tone and manner, and every word came out of his mouth as clear and resonant as a bell. In the old lame sailor of Gilbert Hare there was genuine observation and abundant humour. We have here a character-actor of the first class, as his father was (and is) before him. All who see this little play will enjoy a delightful treat.

Is it too much to say that the instant success of such excellent work as this shows which way the wind blows? It has been argued with a curious disregard of fact that the public is being driven to music-halls, variety plays, trashy extravaganzas, and what not because the public are not allowed the contemplation of serious work. Is it not nearer the truth that the great-hearted public is vexed because their favourite authors have turned away from poetry and sentiment and transformed themselves into sham cynics? They have abandoned the old faith and their new religion in a studied sneer. What instance



THE TURKISH CRISIS: GUARD-SHIPS OF THE FOREIGN EMBASSIES AT CONSTANTINOPLE IN THE BAY OF THERAPIA.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

in the last act was too long, and the actor's heart was not quite in his work. The change that has come over the play and the player, now that the actor is restored to health, is little less than marvellous. All the initial difficulties have disappeared. The play has gained tone and spirit. The air of depression has gone, and I have very little doubt that in the after years the Sir Jasper Thorndyke of Charles Wyndham will be quoted as perhaps the most remarkable thing he has done in his long and brilliant career. At last Charles Wyndham has conquered his critics. They have told him, as they have told the cobbler, to stick to his last. They have insisted that humour, and humour only, was his line. They have lamented when the painted butterfly, fluttering about the sweets and flowers of life, turned into a mysterious moth. They have argued with insistent persistency that Charles Wyndham was not a serious actor. In saying all this I am chastising myself and doing penance in a hair-shirt and with a discipline in my hand. I liked Charles Wyndham so much as the best and brightest comedian of our day that I dreaded—positively dreaded—the moment when he would announce he was going to play Hamlet, or, shall we say, Romeo. So I tried to tempt him away from the platform at Elsinore, and asked him to kick up his heels once more in fields of comedy. But I was wrong. Charles Wyndham is a

Fourth was King," but that is immaterial. What is more to the point is that, although in one act, he has given us a charming, well considered, and exceedingly well written little play. The initial idea of two old salts, both in love with the same woman, both jilted, both partners in a common sorrow, protecting her orphan child when she is dead—is surely pretty enough to start with. But it is worked out with rare skill and genuine poetic feeling. There are two or three suggestions at the close of this play that are really exquisite in sentiment. When the two old chums see their darling on the high road to a happy marriage their thoughts naturally turn to the dead mother they have both loved. One of them says: "Ah! if her poor dear mother were here to see her now!" The other old fellow, brushing away a tear, says: "Maybe she ain't far off, but is hovering near us now!" And I may remark that the line, or something like this line, was spoken to perfection by Gilbert Hare, who created an audible sob in the audience when he kissed his "darling," congratulating her on her marriage, and said, "I never saw her look so like her beautiful dead mother before to-night." This is indeed abiding love. The acting of Charles Groves and Gilbert Hare in the play cannot be too highly praised. There are no traces in it of trick, artificiality, or the conventional theatrical method. No actor ever had a more difficult

can be quoted by anyone with the experience, say, of half a century, when a play of genuine pathos has been rejected by the majority? What are the plays most successful at the present moment? Surely "The Sign of the Cross," "Rosemary," and "Two Little Vagabonds." All heart-plays. All plays containing that touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. All plays free from end to end of the creed of cynicism and despair. It will take a long time to convert a theatrical audience to the modern creed of disbelief in everything. It may exist in the stalls and boxes, but it does not dwell in the places of the great paying public. I only hope that this new and clever author, Mr. Francis W. Moore, will not be converted for many a long year from his early dramatic faith, and will continue to think of the drama that "her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace."

I hope to see the new and successful "Bells of Cairo" when poor Miss May Yohé has recovered from her unfortunate hoarseness, and then to enjoy the acting and dancing of Mr. Arthur Nelstone, who promised so well when he was first seen at the Strand Theatre and "took the town." He is a smart, clever, and able young fellow, and I should say his destiny would be to the Gaiety under the watchful eye of George Edwardes.



SERVAL.

VOCIFEROUS SEA EAGLE.

PAIR OF LEMURS.  
GENETTE.



PAIR OF JACKALS.

NEW OCCUPANTS OF THE "ZOO."





ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

## CHAPTER V.

Sir Joshua entered his house, and the others hastened northward to the Oxford Road, where the Pantheon had scarcely been opened more than a year for the entertainment of the fashionable world—a more fashionable world, it was hoped, than was in the habit of appearing at Ranelagh and Vauxhall. From a hundred to a hundred and fifty years ago, rank and fashion sought their entertainment almost exclusively at the Assembly Rooms when the weather failed to allow of their meeting at the two great public gardens. But as the government of the majority of these places invariably became lax—there was only one Beau Nash who had the cleverness to perceive that an autocracy was the only possible form of government for such assemblies—the committee of the Pantheon determined to frame so strict a code of rules, bearing upon the admission of visitors, as should, they believed, prevent the place from falling to the low level of the Gardens.

In addition to the charge of half-a-guinea for admission to the rotunda, there were rules which gave the committee the option of practically excluding any person whose presence they might regard as not tending to maintain the high character of the Pantheon; and it was announced in the most decisive way that upon no consideration would actresses be allowed to enter.

The announcements made to this effect were regarded in some directions as eminently salutary. They were applauded by all persons who were sufficiently strict to prevent their wives or daughters from going to those entertainments that possessed little or no supervision. Such persons understood the world and the period so indifferently as to be optimists in regard to the question of the possibility of combining Puritanism and promiscuous entertainments terminating long after midnight. They hailed the arrival of the time when innocent recreation would not be incompatible with the display of the richest dresses or the most sumptuous figures.

But there was another, and a more numerous set, who were very cynical on the subject of the regulation of beauty and fashion at the Pantheon. The best of this set shrugged their shoulders, and expressed the belief that the supervised entertainments would be vastly dull. The worst of them published verses full of cheap sarcasm, and proper names with asterisks artfully introduced in place of vowels, so as to evade the possibility of actions for libel when their allusions were more than usually scandalous.

While the ladies of the committee were applauding one another and declaring that neither threats nor sarcasms would prevail against their resolution, an informal meeting was held at White's of the persons who affirmed that they were more affected than any others by the carrying out of the new regulations; and at the meeting they resolved to make the management aware of the mistake into which they had fallen in endeavouring to discriminate between the classes of their patrons.

When Garrick and his friends reached the Oxford Road, as the thoroughfare was then called, the result of this meeting was making itself felt. The road was crowded with people who seemed waiting for something unusual to occur, though of what form it was to assume no one seemed to be aware. The crowd were at any rate good-humoured. They cheered heartily every coach that rolled by bearing splendidly dressed ladies to the Pantheon and to other and less public entertainments. They waved their hats over the chairs which, similarly burdened, went swinging along between the bearers, footmen walking on each side and link-boys running in advance, the

glare of their torches giving additional redness to the faces of the hot fellows who had the chair-straps over their shoulders. Every now and again an officer of the Guards would come in for the cheers of the people, and occasionally a jostling match took place between some

supercilious young beau and the apprentices, through the midst of whom he attempted to force his way. More than once swords flashed beneath the sickly illumination of the lamps, but the drawers of the weapons regretted their impetuosity the next minute, for they were quickly



The cheers of the crowd increased as the chair containing Mrs. Baddeley, the actress, was borne along.



disarmed, either by the crowd closing with them or jolting them into the kennel, which at no time was savoury. Once, however, a tall young fellow, who had been struck by a stick, drew his sword and stood against a lamp-post preparatory to charging the crowd. It looked as if those who interfered with him would suffer, and a space was soon cleared in front of him. At that instant, however, he was thrown to the ground by the assault of a previously unseen foe: a boy dropped upon him from the lamp-post and sent his sword flying, while the crowd cheered and jeered in turn.

At intervals a roar would arise, and the people would part before the frantic flight of a pickpocket, pursued and belaboured in his rush by a dozen apprentices, who carried sticks and straps, and were well able to use both.

But a few minutes after Garrick, Goldsmith, and Burke reached the road, all the energies of the crowd seemed to be directed upon one object, and there was a cry of, "Here they come—here she comes—a cheer for Mrs. Baddeley!"

"O Lord," cried Garrick, "they have gone so far as to choose Sophia Baddeley for their experiment!"

"Their notion clearly is not to do things by degrees," said Goldsmith. "They might have begun with a less conspicuous person than Mrs. Baddeley. There are many gradations in colour between black and white."

"But not between black and White's," said Burke. "This notion is well worthy of the wit of White's."

"Sophia is not among the gradations that Goldsmith speaks of," said Garrick. "But whatever be the result of this jerk into prominence, it cannot fail to increase her popularity at the playhouse."

"That's the standpoint from which a good manager regards such a scene as this," said Burke. "Sophia will claim an extra twenty guineas a week after to-night."

"By my soul!" cried Goldsmith, "she looks as if she would give double that sum to be safe at home in bed."

The cheers of the crowd increased as the chair containing Mrs. Baddeley, the actress, was borne along, the lady smiling in a half-hearted way through her paint. On each side of the chair, but some short distance in front, were four link-boys in various liveries, shining with gold and silver lace. In place of footmen, however, there walked two rows of gentlemen on each side of the chair. They were all splendidly dressed, and they carried their swords drawn. At the head of the escort on one side was the well-known young Lord Conway, and at the other side Mr. Hanger, equally well known as a leader of fashion. Lord Stanley was immediately behind his friend Conway, and almost every other member of the lady's escort was a young nobleman or the heir to a peerage.

The lines extended to a second chair, in which Mrs. Abington was seated, smiling—"Very much more naturally than Mrs. Baddeley," Burke remarked.

"Oh, yes," cried Goldsmith; "she was always the better actress. I am fortunate in having her in my new comedy."

"The Duchesses have become jealous of the sway of Mrs. Abington," said Garrick, alluding to the fact that the fashions in dress had been for several years controlled by that lovely and accomplished actress.

"And young Lord Conway and his friends have become tired of the sway of the Duchesses," said Burke.

"My Lord Stanley looked as if he were pretty nigh weary of his Duchess's sway," said Garrick. "I wonder if he fancies that his joining that band will emancipate him?"

"If so he is in error," said Burke. "The Duchess of Argyll will never let him out of her clutches till he is safely married to the Lady Betty."

"Till then, do you say?" said Goldsmith. "Faith, Sir, if he fancies he will escape from her clutches by marrying her daughter he must have had a very limited experience of life. Still, I think the lovely young lady is most to be pitied. You heard the cold way he talked of her picture of Reynolds."

The engagement of Lord Stanley, the heir to the earldom of Derby, to Lady Betty Hamilton, though not formally announced, was understood to be a *fait accompli*; but there were rumours that the young man had of late been making an effort to release himself—that it was only with difficulty the Duchess managed to secure his attendance in public upon her daughter, whose portrait was being painted by Reynolds.

The picturesque procession went slowly along amid the cheers of the crowds, and certainly not without many expressions of familiarity and friendliness toward the two ladies, whose beauty of countenance and of dress was made apparent by the flambeaux of the link-boys, which also gleamed upon the thin blades of the ladies' escort. The actresses were plainly more popular than the committee of the Pantheon.

It was only when the crowds were closing in on the end of the procession that a voice cried—

"Woe unto them! Woe unto Aholah and Aholibah! Woe unto ye who follow them to your own destruction! Turn back ere it be too late!" The discordant note came from a Methodist preacher who considered the moment a seasonable one for an admonition against the frivolities of the town.

The people did not seem to agree with him in this matter. They sent up a shout of laughter, and half a dozen youths began a travesty of a Methodist service, introducing all the hysterical cries and moans with which

the early followers of Wesley punctuated their prayers. In another direction a ribald parody of a Methodist hymn was sung by women as well as men; but above all the mockery the stern, strident voice of the preacher was heard.

"By my soul," said Garrick, "that effect is strikingly dramatic. I should like to find some one who would give me a play with such a scene."

A good-looking young officer in the uniform of the Guards, who was in the act of hurrying past where Garrick and his friends stood, turned suddenly round.

"I'll take your order, Sir," he cried. "Only you will have to pay me handsomely."

"What, Captain Horneck? Is't possible that you are a straggler from the escort of the two ladies who are being fêted to-night?" said Garrick.

"Hush, man, for Heaven's sake," cried Captain Horneck—Goldsmith's "Captain in lace." "If Mr. Burke had a suspicion that I was associated with such a rout he would, as the guardian of my purse if not of my person, give notice to my Lord Albemarle's trustees, and then the Lord only knows what would happen." Then he turned to Goldsmith. "Come along, Nolly, my friend," he cried, putting his arm through Oliver's; "if you want a scene for your new comedy you will find it in the Pantheon to-night. You are not wearing the peach-bloom coat, to be sure, but, Lord, Sir! you are not to be resisted whatever you wear."

"You, at any rate, are not to be resisted, my gallant Captain," said Goldsmith. "I have half a mind to see the sport when the ladies' chairs stop at the porch of the Pantheon."

"As a matter of course you will come," said young Horneck. "Let us hasten out of range of that howling. What a time for a fellow to begin to preach!"

He hurried Oliver away, taking charge of him through the crowd with his arm across his shoulder. Garrick and Burke followed as rapidly as they could, and Charles Horneck explained to them, as well as to his companion, that he would have been in the escort of the actress, but for the fact that his being about to marry the orphan daughter of Lord Albemarle, and that his mother had entreated him not to do anything that might jeopardise the match.

"You are more discreet than Lord Stanley," said Garrick.

"Nay," said Goldsmith. "'Tis not a question of discretion, but of the means to an end. Our Captain in lace fears that his joining the escort would offend his charming bride, but Lord Stanley is only afraid that his act in the same direction will not offend his Duchess."

"You have hit the nail on the head as usual, Nolly," said the Captain. "Poor Stanley is anxious to fly from his charmer through any loop-hole. But he'll not succeed. Why, Sir, I'll wager that if her daughter Betty and the Duke were to die, her Grace would marry him herself."

"Ay, assuming that a third Duke was not forthcoming," said Burke.

#### CHAPTER VI.

The party found, on approaching the Pantheon, the advantage of being under the guidance of Captain Horneck. Without his aid they would have had considerable difficulty getting near the porch of the building, where the crowds were most dense. The young guardsman, however, pushed his way quite good-humouredly, but not the less effectively, through the people, and was followed by Goldsmith, Garrick and Burke being a little way behind. But as soon as the latter couple came within the light of the hundred lamps which hung around the porch, they were recognised and cheered by the crowd, who made a passage for them to the entrance just as Mrs. Baddeley's chair was set down.

The doors had been hastily closed and half-a-dozen constables stationed in front with their staves. The gentlemen of the escort formed in a line on each side of her chair to the doors, and when the lady stepped out—she could not be persuaded to do so for some time—and walked between the ranks of her admirers, they took off their hats and lowered the points of their swords, bowing to the ground with greater courtesy than they would have shown to either of the royal Duchesses, who just at that period were doing their best to obtain some recognition.

Mrs. Baddeley had rehearsed the "business" of the part which she had to play, but she was so nervous that she forgot her words on finding herself confronted by the constables. She caught sight of Garrick standing at one side of the door with his hat swept behind him as he bowed with exquisite irony as she stopped short, and the force of habit was too much for her. Forgetting that she was playing the part of a *grande dame*, she turned in an agony of fright to Garrick, raising her hands—one holding a lace handkerchief, the other a fan—crying—

"La! Mr. Garrick, I'm so fluttered that I've forgot my words. Where's the prompter, Sir? Pray, what am I to say now?"

"Nay, Madam, I am not responsible for this production," said Garrick gravely, and there was a roar of laughter from the people around the porch.

The young gentlemen who had their swords drawn were, however, extremely serious. They began to perceive the possibility of their heroic plan collapsing into a merry

burlesque, and so young Mr. Hanger sprang to the side of the lady.

"Madam," he cried, "honour me by accepting my escort into the Pantheon. What do you mean, sirrah, by shutting that door in the face of a lady visitor?" he shouted to the liveried porter.

"Sir, we have orders from the management to permit no players to enter," replied the man.

"Nevertheless, you will permit this lady to enter," said the young gentleman. "Come, Sir, open the doors without a moment's delay."

"I cannot act contrary to my orders, Sir," replied the man.

"Nay, Mr. Hanger," replied the frightened actress, "I wish not to be the cause of a disturbance. Pray, Sir, let me return to my chair."

"Gentlemen," cried Mr. Hanger to his friends, "I know that it is not your will that we should come in active contest with the representatives of authority; but am I right in assuming that it is your desire that our honoured friend, Mrs. Baddeley, should enter the Pantheon?" When the cries of assent came to an end he continued, "Then, sirs, the responsibility for bloodshed rests with those who oppose us. Swords to the front! You will touch no man with a point unless he oppose you. Should a constable assault any of this company you will run him through without mercy. Now, gentlemen."

In an instant thirty sword-blades were radiating from the lady, and in that fashion an advance was made upon the constables, who for a few moments stood irresolute, but then—the points of a dozen swords were within a yard of their breasts—lowered their staves and slipped quietly aside. The porter, finding himself thus deserted, made no attempt to withstand single-handed an attack converging upon the doors; he hastily went through the porch, leaving the doors wide apart.

To the sound of roars of laughter and shouts of congratulation from the thousands who blocked the road, Mrs. Baddeley and her escort walked through the porch and on to the rotunda beyond, the swords being sheathed at the entrance.

It seemed as if all the rank and fashion of the town had come to the rotunda this night. Peeresses were on the raised dais by the score, some of them laughing, others shaking their heads and doing their best to look scandalised. Only one matron, however, felt it imperative to leave the assembly and to take her daughters with her. She was a lady whose first husband had divorced her, and her daughters were excessively plain, in spite of their masks of paint and powder.

The Duchess of Argyll stood in the centre of the dais by the side of her daughter, Lady Betty Hamilton, her figure as graceful as it had been twenty years before, when she and her sister Maria, who became Countess of Coventry, could not walk down the Mall unless under the protection of a body of soldiers, so closely were they pressed by the fashionable mob anxious to catch a glimpse of the beautiful Miss Gunnings. She had no touch of carmine or powder to obscure the transparency of her complexion, and her wonderful, long eyelashes needed no darkening to add to their silken effect. Her neck and shoulders were white, not with the cold whiteness of snow, but with the pearl-like charm of the white rose. The solid roundness of her arms, and the grace of every movement that she made with them, added to the delight of those who looked upon that lovely woman.

Her daughter had only a measure of her mother's charm. Her features were small, and though her figure was pleasing, she suggested nothing of the Duchess's elegance and distinction.

Both mother and daughter looked at first with scorn in their eyes at the lady who stood at one of the doors of the rotunda, surrounded by her bodyguard; but when they perceived that Lord Stanley was next to her, they exchanged a few words, and the scorn left their eyes. The Duchess even smiled at Lady Ancaster, who stood near her, and Lady Ancaster shrugged her shoulders almost as naturally as if she had been a Frenchwoman.

Cynical people who had been watching the Duchess's change of countenance also shrugged their shoulders (indifferently), saying—

"Her Grace will not be inexorable; the son-in-law upon whom she has set her heart, and tried to set her daughter's heart as well, must not be frightened away."

Captain Horneck had gone up to his *fiancée*. "You were not in that creature's train, I hope," said the lady.

"I? Dear child, for what do you take me?" he said. "No, I certainly was not in her train. I was with my friend Dr. Goldsmith."

"If you had been among that woman's escort, I should never have forgiven you the impropriety," said she.

(She was inflexible as a girl, but before she had been married more than a year she had run away with her husband's friend, Mr. Scawen.)

By this time Lord Conway had had an interview with the management, and now returned with two of the gentlemen who comprised that body to where Mrs. Baddeley was standing simpering among her admirers.

"Madam," said Lord Conway, "these gentlemen are anxious to offer you their sincere apologies for the conduct of their servants to-night, and to express the hope that



you and your friends will frequently honour them by your patronage."

And those were the very words uttered by the spokesman of the management, with many humble bows, in the presence of the smiling actress.

"And now you can send for Mrs. Abington," said Lord Stanley. "She agreed to wait in her chair until this matter was settled."

"She can take very good care of herself," said Mrs. Baddeley somewhat curtly. Her fright had now vanished, and she was not disposed to underrate the importance of her victory. She had no particular wish to divide the honours attached to her position with another woman, much less with one who was usually regarded as better looking than herself. "Mrs. Abington is a little timid, my Lord," she continued; "she may not find herself quite at home in this assembly. 'Tis a monstrous fine place, to be sure; but for my part, I think Vauxhall is richer and in better taste."

But in spite of the indifference of Mrs. Baddeley, a message was conveyed to Mrs. Abington, who had not left

His friend Goldsmith had not waited at the door for the arrival of Mrs. Abington. He was not wearing any of the gorgeous costumes in which he liked to appear at places of amusement, and so he did not intend to remain in the rotunda for longer than a few minutes; he was only curious to see what would be the result of the bold action of Lord Conway and his friends. But when he was watching the act of condescension on the part of the Duchess and the Countess, and had had his laugh with Burke, he heard a merry voice behind him saying—

"Is Dr. Goldsmith a modern Marius, weeping over the ruin of the Pantheon?"

"Nay," cried another voice, "Dr. Goldsmith is contemplating the writing of a history of the attempted reformation of society in the eighteenth century, through the agency of a Greek temple known as the Pantheon on the Oxford Road."

He turned and stood face to face with two lovely laughing girls and a handsome elder lady, who was pretending to look scandalised.

"Ah, my dear Jessamy Bride—and my sweet little

"The air is tainted," said Goldsmith solemnly.

"Yes," said Mrs. Bunbury with a charming mock demureness. "'Tis as you say: the Pantheon will soon become as amusing as Ranelagh."

"I said not so, Madam," cried Goldsmith, shaking his head. "As amusing—amusing—"

"As Ranelagh. Those were your exact words, Doctor, I assure you," protested Little Comedy. "Were they not, Mary?"

"Oh, undoubtedly those were his words—only he did not utter them," replied the Jessamy Bride.

"There, now, you will not surely deny your words in the face of two such witnesses!" said Mrs. Bunbury.

"I could deny nothing to two such faces," said Goldsmith, "even though one of the faces is that of a little dunce who could talk of Marius weeping over the Pantheon."

"And why should not he weep over the Pantheon if he saw good cause for it?" she inquired, with her chin in the air.

"Ah, why not indeed? Only he was never within reach of it, my dear," said Goldsmith.



"Ah, my dear Jessamy Bride—and my sweet Little Comedy!" he cried.

her chair, informing her of the honours which were being done to the lady who had entered the room, and when this news reached her she lost not a moment in hurrying through the porch to the side of her sister actress.

And then a remarkable incident occurred, for the Duchess of Argyll and Lady Ancaster stepped down from their dais and went to the two actresses, offering them hands, and expressing the desire to see them frequently at the assemblies in the rotunda.

The actresses made stage courtesies and returned thanks for the condescension of the great ladies. The cynical ones laughed and shrugged their shoulders once more.

Only Lord Stanley looked chagrined. He perceived that the Duchess was disposed to regard his freak in the most liberal spirit, and he knew that the point of view of the Duchess was the point of view of the Duchess's daughter. He felt rather sad as he reflected upon the laxity of mothers with daughters yet unmarried. Could it be that eligible suitors were growing scarce?

Garrick was highly amused at the little scene that was being played under his eyes; he considered himself a pretty fair judge of comedy, and he was compelled to acknowledge that he had never witnessed any more highly finished exhibition of this form of art.

Comedy!" he cried, as the girls caught each a hand of his. He had dropped his hat in the act of making his bow to Mrs. Horneck, the mother of the two girls, Mary and Katherine—the latter the wife of Mr. Bunbury. "Mrs. Horneck, madam, I am your servant—and don't I look your servant too," he added, remembering that he was not wearing his usual gala dress.

"You look always the same good friend," said the lady.

"Nay," laughed Mrs. Bunbury, "if he were your servant he would take care, for the honour of the house, that he was splendidly dressed; it is not that snuff-coloured suit we should have on him, but something gorgeous. What would you say to a peach-bloom coat, Dr. Goldsmith?"

(His coat of this tint had become a family joke among the Hornecks and Bunburys.)

"Well, if the bloom remain on the peach it would be well enough in your company, Madam," said Goldsmith, with a face of humorous gravity. "But a peach with the bloom off would be more congenial to the Pantheon after to-night." He gave a glance in the direction of the group of actresses and their admirers.

Mrs. Horneck looked serious, her two daughters looked demurely down.

"Psha! I daresay Marius was no better than he need be," cried the young lady.

"Few men are even so good as it is necessary for them to be," said Oliver.

"That depends upon their own views as to the need of being good," remarked Mary.

"And so I say that Marius most likely made many excursions to the Pantheon without the knowledge of his biographer," cried her sister, with an air of worldly wisdom of which a recent bride was so well qualified to be an exponent.

"'Twere vain to attempt to contend against such wisdom," said Goldsmith.

"Nay, all things are possible with a Professor of Ancient History to the Royal Academy of Arts," said a lady who had come up with Burke at that moment—a small but very elegant lady with distinction in every movement, and withal having eyes sparkling with humour.

Goldsmith bowed low—again over his fallen hat, on the crown of which Little Comedy set a very dainty foot with an aspect of the sweetest unconsciousness. She was a tom-boy down to the sole of that dainty foot.

"In the presence of Mrs. Thrale," Goldsmith began, but, seeing the ill-treatment to which his hat was subjected, he became confused, and the compliment



which he had been elaborating dwindled away in a murmur.

"Is it not the business of a Professor to contend with wisdom, Dr. Goldsmith?" said Mrs. Thrale.

"Madam, if you say that it is so, I will prove that you are wrong by declining to argue out the matter with you," said the Professor of Ancient History.

Miss Horneck's face shone with appreciation of her dear friend's quickness; but the lively Mrs. Thrale was, as usual, too much engrossed in her own efforts to be brilliant to be able to pay any attention to the words of so clumsy a person as Oliver Goldsmith, and one who, moreover, declined to join with so many other distinguished persons in accepting her patronage.

She found it to her advantage to launch into a series of sarcasms—most of which had been said at least once before—at the expense of the Duchess of Argyll and Lady Ancaster, and finding that Goldsmith was more busily engaged in listening to Mrs. Bunbury's mock apologies for the injury she had done to his hat than in attending

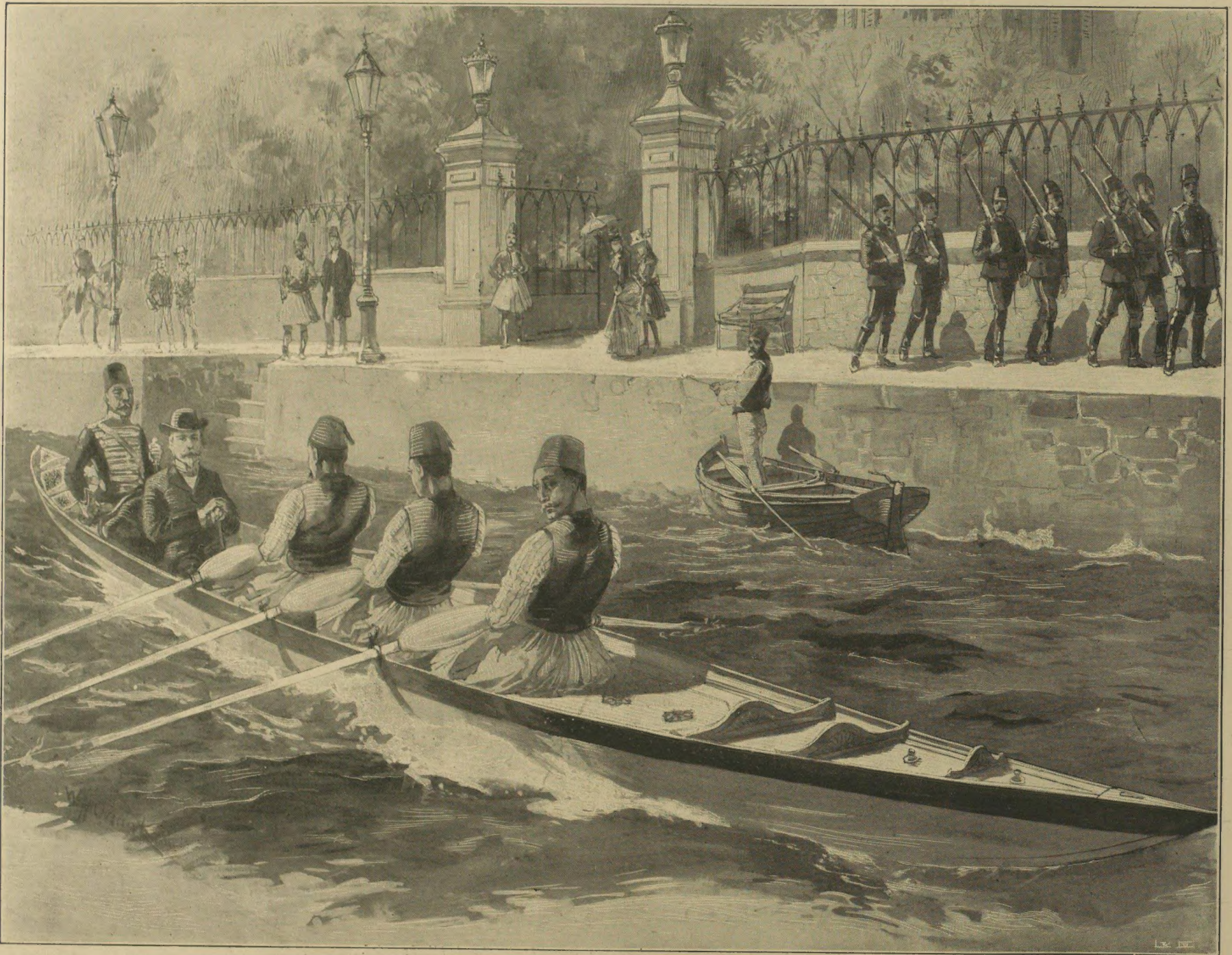
## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Nine years, all but a few weeks, have gone by since I paid my first and last visit to General Trochu at his modest residence in the Rue Traversière at Tours. The Third Republic was passing through a terrible ordeal, mainly through the fault of Jules Grévy, who, like the *rois fainéants* of old, had allowed his son-in-law, Daniel Wilson, to become a veritable *maire du palais*. The latter was practically told by his constituents to come and defend himself against the aspersions cast upon his honesty. He attempted the thing at the Tours Circus, and failed miserably. The sequel to this, including the virtually enforced retirement of the third President of the Third Republic, is pretty well known to the reader, so I need not insist upon it here.

I was in Tours for four or five days, and, being at a loss to employ my time profitably, I obtained an introduction to the erstwhile Military Governor of Paris during the siege, in the hope of getting some valuable information about his much discussed share in that historical event. I may say at once that I was bitterly disappointed. Information of a very valuable nature, and on almost

In the course of our conversation I mentioned my visit to Trochu and the impression I had carried away with me. We sat down on a seat in the Kingston-on-Thames Station, and half an hour later the notion of Trochu having had a secret was for ever dispelled. "Trochu's secret?" said my interlocutor; "I can tell you all about it. Trochu's secret was simply his reluctance to take decisive action at the right moment. His failure to relieve Paris was simply a second edition of his failure to nip the Revolution of Sept. 4 in the bud. No one can speak with greater authority on the subject than I, for it was I who applied to him for armed assistance to prevent the mob, with Favre and Gambetta at their head, taking possession of the Hôtel de Ville. He refused, on the pretext that it was too late. But for his lack of decision things would not have gone as far as that, for an hour before the invasion of the Palais Bourbon I myself saw the troops advance thrice to the Place and Pont de la Concorde. Thrice they were about to fire, thrice they wheeled round and took up their station in the Rue de Bourgogne. I can but come to the conclusion that they were acting under orders from their chief. And when the Palais-Bourbon was invaded, a hundred and fifty resolute troops might have cleared the place. I myself tried with a company



THE TURKISH CRISIS: SIR PHILIP CURRIE LEAVING THE ENGLISH EMBASSY AT THERAPIA TO ATTEND A CONFERENCE AT THE AUSTRIAN EMBASSY AT BUYUKDERE.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

to her *jeux d'esprit*, she turned her back upon him, and gave Burke and Mrs. Horneck the benefit of her remarks.

Goldsmith continued taking part in the fun made by Little Comedy, pointing out to her the details of his hat's disfigurement, when, suddenly turning in the direction of Mary Horneck, who was standing behind her mother, the jocular remark died on his lips. He saw the expression of dismay—worse than dismay—which was on the girl's face as she gazed across the rotunda.

(To be continued.)

Among the many messages of congratulation on the approaching marriage of the Prince of Naples which have reached the King of Italy, one, at least, has been conveyed under circumstances which savour of bygone times, rather than of the express railway and telegraph of the present day. A Uhlan regiment stationed at Faulquemont, in Lorraine, appointed Lieutenant Hoffmann, one of its officers, to bear an address to King Humbert, the titular commander of the regiment, and the officer resolved to accomplish the journey to Monza on his regimental charger. This he has now done, completing his journey by Strasburg and the St. Gothard, a distance of 487 miles, in a week and two hours.

every conceivable subject in connection with the events that preceded the siege, the General was willing to give and did give, but on the question which was uppermost in my mind he refused to open his lips. I had seen him several times during the fortnight between the fall of the Empire and the final investment of Paris by the Germans, and, although fully allowing for the sixteen years that had passed since then, I could not help being struck by the altered demeanour and, above all, by the altered tone of the man. The jauntiness and the glibness of tongue had entirely disappeared; every word he said was carefully weighed. I retired with my pocket crammed with notes, which he had allowed me to take in his presence on the condition that they should not be published until after his death, which promise I have faithfully kept. They do not, however, relate to Trochu himself, but to some of the most prominent Generals of Napoleon III.; hence they would be out of place here.

Nevertheless, I could not get rid of the idea that this man had a terrible secret locked within his own breast, the secret of his failure to cut his way through the German legions surrounding Paris. The impression remained with me for a couple of years or so; in fact, until the day of the late Comte de Paris's silver wedding, when I made the acquaintance of M. Estancelin, a staunch supporter of the d'Orléans dynasty, and who was a member of the Legislature on Sept. 4, 1870.

of the National Guard, but the mob disappeared by one door as I entered by another.

"Trochu," M. Estancelin went on, "met them on their way to the Hôtel de Ville, but he had already taken things for granted from the early morn, and doffed his uniform in consequence. When I came to his headquarters he was just going to join his officers in the drawing-room, where they foregathered in their intervals of duty. He listened very politely to my request, but simply said it was too late. That is the secret of Trochu's failure throughout, the two words that were constantly on his lips: 'Too late, too late.'"

With regard to his strategic and tactical abilities, M. Estancelin expressed himself in the most glowing terms. "But," he added, "he was too fond of speechifying. He detested the Empress, and not without cause perhaps; he detested the Republicans more. He was an Orléanist to the backbone, and, in spite of his honour as a soldier, would have helped them to pick up and piece together the disjointed and overtoppled throne; but the Duc d'Aumale and the Prince de Joinville were in Brussels, and only took train for Paris on Sept. 5. They also were a day too late, and so was Victor Hugo, who fully expected to be nominated to a portfolio. This," he concluded, "is the sum and substance of Trochu's vaunted secret." I feel certain that this is the whole history of Trochu's failure in a nutshell.



# THE CZAR'S VISIT TO PARIS



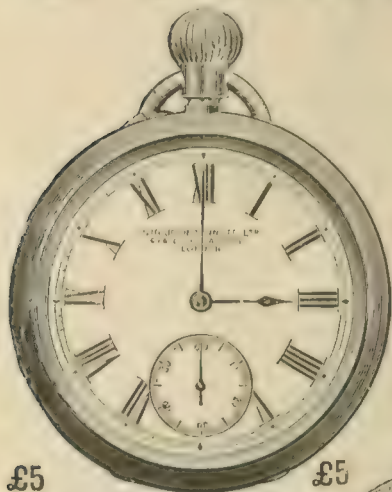
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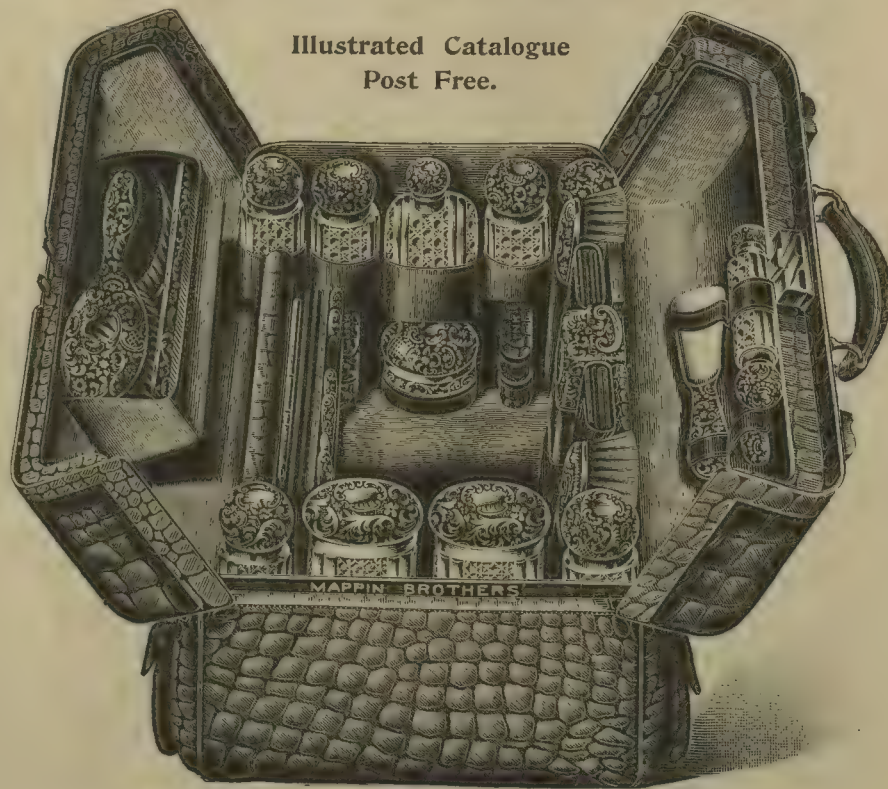
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THE CZAR AND CZARINA AT THE ACADEMIE FRANÇAISE: M. LEGOUVE'S SPEECH OF WELCOME TO THEIR MAJESTIES.

*Drawn by M. F. de Haenen, Special Artist of "L'Illustration."*



THE CZAR'S VISIT TO PARIS



VISIT OF THE CZAR AND CZARINA TO THE HÔTEL DES INVALIDES: BEFORE THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON.

*Drawn by M. F. de Haenen, Special Artist of "L'Illustration."*



# THE CZAR'S VISIT TO PARIS.



ARRIVAL OF THE IMPERIAL PROCESSION AT THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE: THE ADVANCE GUARD OF ARAB CHIEFS.  
*Drawn by W. H. Overend from the Sketch of Mr. George Scott, Special Artist of "L'Illustration."*



THE CZAR'S VISIT TO PARIS.



THE CZAR AND CZARINA AT THE OPERA.

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## THE CZAR'S VISIT TO PARIS.



THE CZAR AND CZARINA PRESENTED WITH THE GOSPELS AND CROSS BY THE ARCHPRIEST AT THE RUSSIAN CHURCH.

*Drawn by T. Walter Wilson, R.I., from the Sketch of M. F. de Haenen, Special Artist of "L'Illustration."*



THE CZAR'S VISIT TO PARIS.



THE IMPERIAL PROCESSION PASSING THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE.

*Drawn by M. G. Amate, Special Artist of "L'Illustration."*





THE CEREMONY ON THE SEINE: THE CZAR LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE ALEXANDER III. BRIDGE.

*Drawn by our Special Artist in Paris, Mr. S. Begg.*



## THE CZAR'S VISIT TO PARIS.



THE PROCESSION OVER THE SAND-COVERED ROUTE TO THE RUSSIAN EMBASSY: ADVANCE GUARD OF ARAB CHIEFS PASSING THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.



BRINGING UP THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE ALEXANDER III. BRIDGE ACROSS THE SEINE.



THE CZAR'S VISIT TO PARIS.



THE VISIT TO VERSAILLES: THE CZAR AND CZARINA ON THE BALCONY OF THE PALACE.

*From a Sketch by our Special Artist in Paris, Mr. S. Begg.*



THE CZAR'S VISIT TO PARIS



THE IMPERIAL PARTY LEAVING THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME.



## THE CZAR'S VISIT TO PARIS.

The visit of the Emperor and Empress of Russia to the French capital has been celebrated with a public pageantry and a popular enthusiasm which were precluded by the private nature of their brief sojourn within our own gates, although their torch-lit drive from Ballater to Balmoral, with its shrill pibroch of Highland welcome, will doubtless linger in their Imperial Majesties' memories among the most picturesque scenes of their tour. In Paris, where no domestic ties took precedence of public celebration, preparations for the worthy entertainment of the Czar and Czarina had been long astir ere ever their Majesties set foot on French soil, and the enthusiasm of their reception at Cherbourg, which was briefly described in our last issue, proved duly appropriate—

As happy prologue to the swelling act  
Of the imperial theme.

The graceful compliments interchanged at the Cherbourg banquet struck the keynote of the mutual pleasure and



THE CZAR AS A FATHER, 1896.

From a Photograph by Levitsky, St. Petersburg.

satisfaction which have been the leading feature of the French festivities in their Majesties' honour, and Republican France has quoted with universal approbation the Czarina's pretty response to the suggestion that she was too fatigued to accompany her imperial Consort in his review of the French Fleet—"I am too anxious to place my feet on the deck of a French man-of-war to renounce the pleasure."

The imperial train arrived at the Ranelagh Station, Paris, from Cherbourg, at ten o'clock on the morning of Oct. 6, and the Emperor and Empress immediately drove thence, accompanied by President Faure, through the Champs Elysées, to the Russian Embassy, preceded in stately procession by a glittering array of Lancers and Cuirassiers, Chasseurs d'Afrique and Spahis, and, when these had passed, by a magnificently picturesque advance-guard of Arab chiefs, resplendent in attire, and mounted on superb coursers. These bearers of French arms in distant lands met with especial applause from the dense crowds of spectators who thronged every point of vantage along the route, and who doubtless felt proud that France could show barbaric tributaries such as grace the imperial pageants within the Czar's own domain. The gaily decorated route was lined by troops, behind whom surged



THE GREAT SEAL OF RUSSIA.

hundreds of thousands of eager spectators, rending the air with their cheers as the imperial carriage passed along. The Emperor and Empress, accompanied by President Faure, rode in the first carriage, one of ten picturesque State conveyances, gay with the colours and arms of the Republic, which were placed at the Czar's disposal during his sojourn in Paris. Succeeding carriages were occupied



ST. NICHOLAS, THE CZAR'S PATRON SAINT.

From an Eikon hung in the Saloon of the Imperial Train.

by the Presidents of the Senate and Chamber, Admiral Gervais, Admiral Bonnard, General d'Avoust, General Saussier, General Boisdeffre, and the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris. On arrival at the Russian Embassy in the Rue de Grenelle the Emperor and Empress were received by the *Chefs d'Etat*, and, after a brief leave-taking, President Faure returned by the Elysée route already traversed. After partaking of luncheon in much-needed privacy at the Russian Embassy, their Majesties passed through the still crowded streets to the Russian Church, where they kissed the Cross which was presented to them by the Archpriest. Later in the afternoon the Emperor attended a reception given in his honour at the Elysée, at which the Ministers



STATE CARRIAGE USED BY THE CZAR IN PARIS.

were assembled together with many Senators and Deputies. In the evening the Emperor and Empress were entertained by M. Faure at a banquet at the Elysée, after which their Majesties drove through the brilliantly illuminated streets to a gala performance at the Opéra. On the following day their Majesties proved indefatigable in their desire to visit the chief places of interest within the French capital, and at every point of their journeyings too and fro they were enthusiastically greeted by crowds of onlookers who thronged the city to the number of some four million. We give illustrations of their Majesties' visits to Notre Dame, where they were met by the Archbishop of Paris, and to the Hôtel des Invalides, where our Artist has depicted them before the tomb of Napoleon. The Sainte Chapelle, the Palais de Justice, and other famous buildings were also visited.

In the afternoon a picturesque ceremony took place on the banks of the Seine, where the Emperor laid the corner-stone of the new bridge, which takes its name from Alexander III. The Mint, the Academy, and the Hôtel de Ville were subsequently visited, and, after dining at the



THE CZAR AS A CHILD, 1870.

From a Photograph by Levitsky, St. Petersburg.

Russian Embassy, the Emperor and Empress attended a gala performance at the Comédie Française, where a complimentary ode, declaimed by M. Mounet-Sully, was followed by de Musset's "Un Caprice," an act of "Les Femmes Savantes," and an extract from "Le Cid." The next day, Thursday, brought for the Parisian holiday-

makers the regretful duty of saying good-bye, or, as their enthusiasm preferred to put it, *au revoir*, to their imperial guests. The early part of the morning was spent by the Emperor and Empress in a visit to the Louvre, and in the afternoon their Majesties drove through the Bois de Boulogne, bowing their acknowledgments to the dense crowds which once more assembled to speed them on their way. At Sèvres the imperial party inspected the porcelain factories. The drive to Versailles was subsequently resumed, and the evening was afterwards celebrated at the Palace by a banquet. Shortly before midnight the Emperor and Empress once more embarked on their train. The next morning the Emperor reviewed the French Army at Châlons, where some 70,000 troops mustered, and after taking a cordial farewell of President Faure, the Emperor and Empress left for Darmstadt. And so a notable event in contemporary French history was brought to a close.



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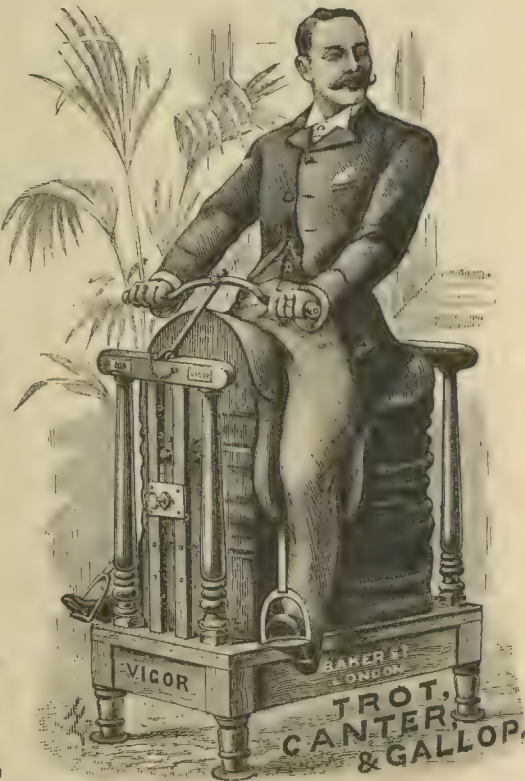
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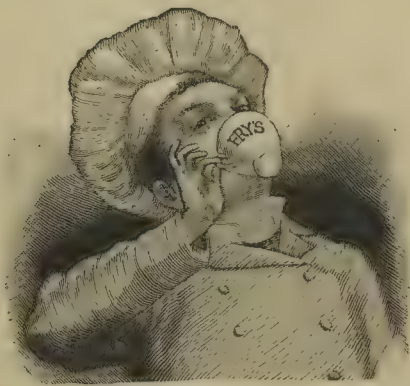


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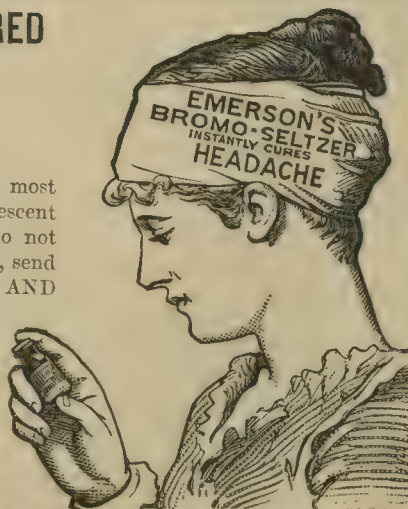
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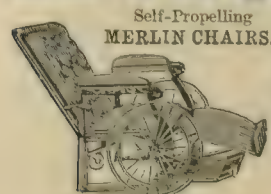


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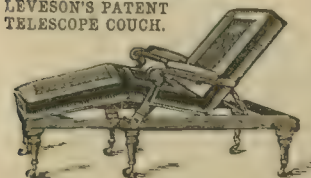
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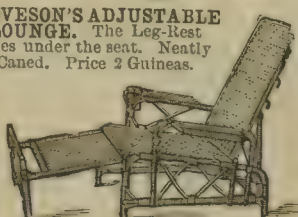


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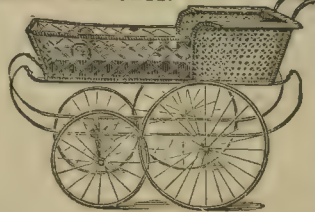


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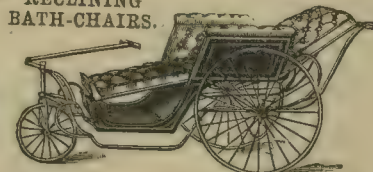
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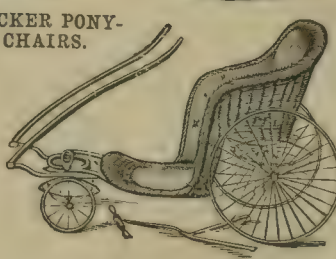
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## GEORGE DU MAURIER.

George Louis Palmella Du Maurier was born on March 6, 1834, so that when he died on Thursday, Oct. 8, at his house in Oxford Square, Hyde Park, he was sixty-two years of age, though he did not look it. For more than half that lifetime he was in constant service of the public with his pencil. His grandfather, who belonged to a family that changed its name from Bussan to Du Maurier, was an owner of glass-works; and his father was a *rentier* who married an Englishwoman at the British Embassy in Paris, and lived in a little house in the Champs Elysées, where their son George was born. The family flitted first to Belgium, then to England (where they lived in what was afterwards Dickens's house in Devonshire Place), then back to France—first to Boulogne, afterwards to Paris—and finally back to London, big with purpose. For Du Maurier *père* proposed that his son should profess analytical chemistry, a branch of science in which such an imaginative perceptiveness as is shown in "Peter Ibbetson" might well have done wonderful things. So his father thought when he sent him to study at the Birkbeck laboratory of King's College, and afterwards—in 1854—found him a laboratory of his own in Bucklersbury. A journey to Devonshire to report on some gold-mining scheme, where the miners were "very jolly fellows," but where there was no gold, seems to have exhausted his efforts as an analytical chemist, though he remained an analytical observer all his life. In M. Gleyre's studio in Paris he began his art, with Whistler and Poynter among his fellow-students; and he continued it in Antwerp, where Alma-Tadema then was—his "double" to casual and careless eyes. Later, at Malines and Düsseldorf, he pursued his studies as best he could under the terrible discouragement of the failure of sight in one of his eyes. He was drawing from the model, when suddenly the girl-sitter's head contracted to the size of a walnut. He put his hand by instinct over one of his eyes, and he could see as well as ever; but when in turn he covered the other eye, he learned that one at least had failed him. "The fear of constant blindness beset me constantly," he said. It was a fear that clung to him; though by drawing to a



"THE SOFT EYES," ONE OF MR. DU MAURIER'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO "TRILBY."  
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large scale and by wearing those familiar goggles of dark glass, he fought the enemy line by line and kept it at bay. Those were the days of Du Maurier's poverty, the memory of which gave a bitterness to the superabundant wealth which came to him at the end of his days. His father had died; and from his mother he took ten pounds to start himself as an artist in London. He promised he would not tax her resources further, nor did he need to do so. He lodged in Newman Street with Mr. Whistler as his comrade. More than thirty years later the tale of those Bohemian days in Paris and London was told in "Trilby." But the portrait of Mr. Whistler as Tibley did not please its prototype, and Messrs. Harper, in whose magazine "Trilby" appeared, withdrew, with apologies, the most offending passage.

Du Maurier brought to London with him a letter of introduction to Charles Reade, who passed him on to Mark Lemon and Shirley Brooks. They did not show much enterprise in discovering his talent; and humbler publications, such as the *Leisure Hour*, may boast the possession of his earliest published drawings. The magazine called *London Society* he illustrated in accordance with its title—the first society sketches of that long series by which he was afterwards made famous in *Punch*. Once a week, which began in 1859, gave him his first name, the drawings—generally in illustration of verses—which appeared in its pages during the next two or three years preparing the way for his accession to the staff of *Punch* in 1863. Leech's death in 1864 made space for Du Maurier; and for something like thirty years, with hardly a week's interregnum, the *Punch* drawings of Du Maurier have ruled in drawing-rooms and smoking-rooms alike, beloved of men and women, and counted by men as differently judging as Ruskin and Millais to be among the century's artistic perfections. The delineator of beauty in an age of ugly illustration, and the giver of grace where others gave what was clumsy or dowdy, he had a decorative influence on the furniture and on the dress of his generation; and almost, one might say, his figures became "the mould of form," his faces "the glass of fashion" in the contemporary boudoir. He brought to his work as the draughtsman of woman a devotion which, translated into words, however haltingly, made "Trilby" the success it was in America, that home of chivalry to the sex.

Du Maurier, as any reader of his books may know, was dominated at one time by Thackeray, and when, in 1868,

"Esmond" came his way for illustration, he must have had a moment of rare elation. Thackeray did not live long enough to show his appreciation of his illustrator, and Du Maurier saw him only once—at the house of Mrs. Sartoris. His hostess wanted to introduce him, but he refused. "I was too diffident," he told a friend. "I was so little, and he was so great. But all that evening I remained as close to him as possible, greedily listening to his words. I remember that during the evening an American came up to him—rather a common sort of man—and claimed acquaintance. Thackeray received him most cordially, and invited him to dinner. I envied that American. And my admiration for Thackeray increased when, as it was getting late, he turned to his two daughters, Minnie and Annie, and said to them, 'Allons, Mesdemoiselles, il est temps de s'en aller.' with the best French accent I have ever heard in an Englishman's mouth." When "Trilby" had its enormous vogue, Du Maurier had one regret. "This boom," he confessed, "rather distresses me when I reflect that Thackeray never had a boom." Not that Du Maurier imagined for a moment that a "boom" was any proof of literary excellence, only that it meant money.

Varying accounts have been given of the haphazard way by which Du Maurier fell into authorship. He was walking with Henry James (there is at least an appropriateness in making an American godfather the book about which America has been beside itself) on Hampstead Heath, says one of two story-tellers, both purporting to write Du Maurier's own words—in Bayswater High Street, of all places, says the other—and Henry James bewailed a famine of plots. "Plots!" I exclaimed, "I am full of plots," and I went on to tell the story of "Trilby." "You ought to go home and write that story," said Henry James. And Du Maurier went home, and the story was written. That sounds simple enough. But Du Maurier had been in training as a writer for some time. His underlines to *Punch* drawings had developed into the delightful tale of the Jack Spratts; and that in turn led on to "Trilby." He had not worked out the plot of "Trilby," as he told it to James, for nothing; and he delighted in writing it out, taking it simply enough, and valuing it more lightly than did the public. To some, perhaps, "Trilby" is mostly interesting because it is by the author of "Peter Ibbetson"—the work which preceded it, and which is undoubtedly the flower of the author's mind. Tenderness and intellect, that had been now and then suggested by the best and rarest touches of his *Punch* satires, passing unnoticed amid his good second-class things, made the book live; especially in

the earlier part, with its poignant sense of childhood and of the distance of time. That the same mind and hand should write "Trilby"—common where "Peter Ibbetson" was rare, and cheap where "Peter Ibbetson" was of value—is a curious incident in mental affairs. The early chapters of "Peter Ibbetson" are full of the memory and the imagination of genius; whereas genius does not come within measurable distance of "Trilby." Even the author of the one book was not able to endure the success of the other, we suspect, without a shrug, perhaps a shiver. Even the latter and less excellent part of "Peter Ibbetson" is full of suggestiveness, of a very curious psychology, of touching imagination, and of passion. It is a well-bred book, too, as his drawings were also always peculiarly well-bred, and as "Trilby" can hardly be admitted to be. Of his third story, "The Martian," the most that can be said now is that the writing and the



Photo Bassano, Old Bond Street.

THE LATE MR. GEORGE DU MAURIER.

illustrating of it were both completed by the author before he died.

The weakness of heart from which Mr. Du Maurier had suffered for some years was aggravated two or three weeks ago by a chill which settled on his lungs—a common cause of death in his case and in Lord Leighton's. For nearly a fortnight he lingered, cheered by the kind solicitude of innumerable friends, and tended by the devoted members of his family, whose faces he had made familiar and beloved all the world over by his drawings. Of Bessan, the Dominican artist, it was said that all the women he painted reproduced the features of his mother—the only woman he had ever loved. In Mr. Du Maurier's drawings of women his wife and daughter appear and reappear—never too often. His body was cremated last Saturday at Woking, whither it was accompanied by his two sons and his two sons-in-law, Mr. Millar and Mr. Davies; and on Tuesday his ashes were solemnly laid to rest, with the usual funeral service, in the parish church of Hampstead, the district in which, until quite lately, he made his home.



"QUE! AMOUR D'ENFANT!"—FROM MR. DU MAURIER'S LAST NOVEL, "THE MARTIAN," NOW APPEARING SERIALY IN "HARPER'S MAGAZINE."

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## THE LADIES' PAGE. DRESS.

"Pierrette" need not be apprehensive of boring me. I adore dress, and am exceedingly fond of retailing my opinion on other people's clothes. I think the silk that she encloses me would be extremely pretty, and should advise her to have a bodice made of chiffon of the same colour traced with lace patterns and diamonds and steel sequins. The skirt would look best if made with a very deep flounce, which, again, could be bordered with the embroidered chiffon. If, however, she prefers a white gown, then let me cordially suggest satin of the Duchess description made with a corselet bodice and a chemisette and sleeves entirely of lace.

My other correspondent, "A Fidget," writes in terms too heartrending to be ignored for an instant. I cannot understand why the wedding-dress did not look nice; the patterns are charming, but she can easily remove the frills round the sleeves which worry her, and leave these quite plain. If I were possessed of a black velvet skirt, I should supply it with a black velvet bodice, overhanging a satin corselet belt, and showing a front of ivory chiffon draped with cream-coloured lace—I certainly should not give it a grey bodice, which would look quite hideous. "A Fidget" might further supplement her black velvet skirt with one of the blouses from Peter Robinson's in Oxford Street, which are made of chiffon and embroidered in lace and diamonds—these have long tight sleeves of embroidery, and look well either in black or white, but I should prefer black for the velvet skirt. The Princess dress of the blue silk which she proposes might be successfully achieved with a large fichu of chiffon edged with lace, or a fichu of that tambour muslin would be delightful. A skirt of that pink and grey satin she sends would be charming with a bodice of pale pink mousseline-de-soie. For everyday wear I do not consider



A BROCADED TEA-JACKET.

she wants any more clothes, and I cannot commiserate with her on having to wear out those she already has. Brown velvet can, of course, be worn with the blue. Bonnets and toques are so much alike to-day there is little to choose between them, and I can see no objection to wearing either with that black velvet cloak. I sincerely hope I have answered all "A Fidget's" questions, and now I consider it is my duty to talk of matters general, which shall include my fifty-second mention—I am sure I have alluded to it as often as this—of that French sac jacket. This is arriving daily in the London market, but for the most part it is being despised by the Englishwomen who meet it. We are so fond of showing our figures, we English, we rather resent any garment which conceals them, the only exception we have ever made is the cape which we have taken to our hearts with so much enthusiasm now for some five seasons. The best of these sac jackets are made with Medici collars, the newest style of coiffure right on the top of the head rendering these quite comfortable to wear. By the way, at the theatre the other night I met a woman with her hair brushed over a pad from the nape of the neck right up to the top of the head, where it was decorated with two black feathers fastened with a diamond ornament, while a large diamond comb extended its influence just above the pad at the back. The effect was distinctly smart, but then it was achieved by a very tall woman with very light hair. I would not guarantee its success on everybody.

Most of the new theatre-cloaks are made this season in jacket shape hanging from a yoke with huge sleeves, very convenient and, on the whole, warmer than the cape, not permitting the insidious draught to introduce itself as persistently as in the looser garment. The best of the

theatre-cloaks are lined with ermine, made of some brocade or Eastern embroidery; these are luxurious exceeding, especially when completed with a sable collar. Although we smile upon ermine, accept broad-tail, and suffer seal-skin, we really adore sable; this is the queen of furs for ever and for always, and we manage to intrude its influence upon jackets of every fur. For instance, we will adopt a jacket of broad-tail and ermine waistcoat, and supply it with a sable collar and wear it with a sable muff. A new form of sable which is not so expensive as body sable is the paw of the sable, and hundreds of these are sewn together and permitted to form capes and muffs labelled "Latest." Such a set did I meet only the other day lined with pale yellow satin, a scarf of old lace at the neck, a frill of the same emerging from the side of the muff, which was of enormous proportions. The muffs are really monstrous, looking more like foot-warmers for a carriage than anything I have ever seen. They suggest that they should be accompanied by a poke bonnet, which is, however, a fact of fashion remarkable by its absence; although we were promised its revival, it cometh not. Indeed, bonnets of all kinds are singularly wanting, matrons of middle age devoting themselves exclusively to hats. Then the millinery this year is sufficiently worthy of some little sacrifice, it is so attractive, either of the Gainsborough shape or that shape which has an open brim and turns up at the back. Velvet hats with elaborately drawn brims and trimmings of feathers are remarkably becoming but rather heavy to wear. Silk beaver hats of bright colours have special charms, particularly one I have just been interviewing, made of bright red, with a large bunch of geraniums forming the cachepeigne, the sole trimming on the crown being kilted ribbon, with a knot of geranium-coloured velvet. The same style is also to be met in hyacinth blue, the cachepeigne in this instance being formed of violets. In Paris they have a curious fancy for combining the hyacinth blue with the mauve, and most successful it is too, and a pleasing change from the startling combination of violet and red which has absorbed their attention for so many months.

If anyone wants a prescription for renovating their last season's sable toque I can cordially advise them to supply this with choux of velvet in mauve and hyacinth, and set erect at one side an osprey of violets, with just a choux of old lace at the base. The popularity of the paradise plume continues to be unabated.

The most favoured trimmings for autumn costumes are braid and ribbon velvets, and these we sometimes use together. Undoubtedly, the only bodice in the favour of the authorities is the bolero, which allied to a corselet of glacé silk, a front of white chiffon or lace, and a collar-band of some bright hue, appears to have absorbed all the affections of *La Mode*. Great elaborations are bestowed on the under bodices. The best of these are entirely made of insertions of superior cream-coloured lace allied to stripings of chiffon and tiny bands of sable. These are quite lovely, most expensive, and, of course, deserving of the affections of the appreciative. But I have forgotten my sketches, which deserve to be described. The one is of a brocaded tea-jacket decked with lace, iridescent beads, and ribbon velvet, while the other displays a walking costume of cedar brown with an under-bodice and sleeves of velvet a shade darker, and trimmings of brown braid outlined with gold cord.

PAULINA PRY.

### NOTES.

Charming and graceful as the Russian Empress is, it is to be hoped that she is not going to set one fashion for us—that of travelling in such fine clothing as her Imperial Majesty affects. She alighted from one sea voyage in a pale-blue dress, fawn mantle trimmed with white ostrich-feather collar, and a bonnet of white and blue. Another long railway voyage was set forth upon in a light pink silk gown and a delicate heliotrope mantle and white bonnet. Going on the same journey, the Duchess of Connaught wore a "real English" costume—a dark brown tweed tailor-made dress and coat.

It is flattering to our national virtue that all the royal families of Europe choose English nurses for their babies. The German Empress even, much as her husband dislikes his mother's country, has an English nurse for her girl baby; and the nurse of all the children of the King of Greece was an Englishwoman, who was carried to her grave the other day by the King himself and some of her nurslings grown into men, as a token of respect. In like manner, the dress of the English nurse of the baby Grand Duchess Olga, and the attention paid her, a stalwart man being in constant attendance on her, made people at first suppose her to be a Court lady of high rank. Royal mothers evidently believe in Englishwomen's devotion to duty, and in their capacity to care for children.

Another reason for the selection of an English nurse for a royal baby, however, is that our tongue proves an exceptionally difficult one to acquire in later life, and yet is so widely spoken on the globe, and represents so much both in literature and life, that it is felt desirable for the royal babies to learn something of it unconsciously by hearing it in infancy and childhood. It is truly no easy task that lies before a baby Prince. It is not only that, as the mother of the Empress, our own Princess Alice, so beautifully observed, "they have the double duty of setting a good example, and living for others," but intellectually also they are expected to rise to no mean level. Nearly all the crowned heads of Europe are remarkable linguists. They know well the compliment that it is to address a stranger in his own tongue.

Thus our Queen speaks fluently and perfectly German (her mother's and her husband's language) and French (the tongue of diplomacy) and Italian, and can read Spanish, and read and write Hindostani. An entertainer who appeared in Denmark before the late Czar and his children, the Greek royal family, and the Danish royal family, recorded that the Czar Alexander asked him which language he preferred, and on his stating that he was only at home in his own language, the Czar replied, "Well, we

all speak English." A friend of mine had an audience from the Queen of Italy; another lady known to me was received by the Queen Regent of Spain; and I heard from the lips of the late Miss Emily Faithfull the account her



A WALKING COSTUME.

interview with the Queen of Roumania: in each of these instances the royal lady at once addressed her visitor in English, and used our language throughout the conversation.

When one looks at a poor baby of this century it is always an alarming reflection what that helpless, pulpy innocent will in a few years be expected to know. Just compare the trouble of growing up now, with elementary school Acts and women's University degrees, and an unwritten law that every man who wants to be considered a gentleman must spell in a fixed fashion, with the blessed freedom of past generations, when rustics could not tell their letters, skilled artisans could hardly read and write, women were actually ordered to be ignorant, and gentlemen spelt as they pleased! It is a hard time to live in, not a doubt of it; but harder to royal babies than even to all the rest!

A series of humorous critical articles is appearing in *To-Day*, complaining of the inefficacy of women as housekeepers, and giving as one illustration that we pay our household bills weekly and do not insist on five per cent. discount for doing so; thus we lose the benefit of having a credit account at a moment when money may be temporarily tight, and yet do not get the adequate compensation of the prompt payer. There is some truth in this; though it is odd to meet with a reproach of that prompt making up and meeting accounts that all our guides and teachers have impressed on us as virtuous.

"Poor Jack" has heard tales of the advantages in all matters of domestic inspection of the activity of ladies, and is putting, in a plea for one or two women to be appointed to overhaul the provisions that are put on board ship for the crew. Notwithstanding all the Acts of recent times, Jack complains bitterly that he does not get decent provisions, and he trusts that a lady would care enough for him not to take it for granted that the casks contained always what they were said to do, and that the samples were not to be mistrusted in any instance. F. F. M.

### PRESENTATION TO PRINCESS LOUISE.

Her Royal Highness Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, has been presented by the 1st Battalion of her regiment, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, with a solid silver model of an Argyll and Sutherland Highlander in full regimentals, in commemoration of her silver wedding. The model, which is here depicted, was subscribed for by all ranks of the battalion. Its manufacture was entrusted to Messrs. Mappin Brothers, of Regent Street and Cheapside.





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WHO BEST CAN SUFFER, BEST CAN DO.—MILTON.

*Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,  
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;  
I never loved a tree or flower  
But 'twas the first to fade away.*

*I never nursed a dear gazelle,  
To glad me with its soft black eye,  
But when it came to know me well,  
And love me, it was sure to die.—MOORE.*

The Unspeakable Grandeur of the Human Heart, The drying up of a single tear, has more Honest Fame than shedding **SEAS OF GORE!!!**

What is Ten Thousand Times more Horrible than **REVOLUTION** or **WAR?**

### OUTRAGED NATURE!

"O world!  
O men! What are ye, and our best designs,  
That we must work by crime to punish crime,  
And slay, as if death had but this one gate."—Byron.



"What is Ten Thousand Times more terrible than **Revolution** or **War**? Outraged Nature. She kills, and kills, and is never tired of killing till she has taught man the terrible lesson he is slow to learn—that Nature is only conquered by obeying her. . . . Man has his courtesies in Revolution and War: he spares the woman and child. But Nature is fierce when she is offended. She spares neither **Woman nor Child**. She has no pity, for some awful but most good reason. She is **not** allowed to have any pity. Silently she strikes the sleeping child with as little remorse as she would strike the strong man with the musket or the pickaxe in his hand. Oh! would to God that some man had the pictorial eloquence to put before the Mothers of England the mass of preventable suffering, the mass of preventable agony of mind which exists in England year after year."—Kingsley.

DO YE TO OTHERS AS YE WOULD THAT THEY SHOULD DO UNTO YOU

## PREVENTION.

After very extensive and careful observation, extending over a period of fifty years, I am perfectly satisfied the *true cause* of fever is a disordered condition of the liver. The office of the liver is to cleanse the blood as a scavenger might sweep the streets. When the liver is not working properly, a quantity of effete matter is left floating in the blood. Under these circumstances, should the poison germ of fever be absorbed, then the disease results; on the contrary, any one whose liver and other organs are in a normal condition may be subjected to precisely the same conditions as to the contagious influences, and yet escape the fever. This, I consider, explains satisfactorily the seeming mystery that some persons who are placed in circumstances peculiarly favourable for the development of fever, who in fact live in the very midst of it, escape unscathed. This being the case, the importance of keeping the liver in order cannot be over-estimated; and I have pleasure in directing attention to my 'FRUIT SALT,' which, in the form of a pleasant beverage, will correct the action of the liver, and thus prevent many disastrous consequences; not only as an efficient means of warding off fevers and malarious diseases, but as a remedy for and preventive of bilious or sick headaches, constipation, vomiting, thirst, errors of eating and drinking, skin eruptions, giddiness, heartburn, &c. If its great value in keeping the body in health were universally known, no family would be without a supply. In many forms of scarlet fever, or at the commencement of any fever, ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' acts as a specific. No one can have a simpler or more efficient remedy; by its use the poison is thrown off and the blood restored to its healthy condition.

**HUGE BLUNDER.**—This age, in many points great and intelligent, spends large sums of money in legal strangling of those who cause their fellows violent death, the result of ignorance and a want of control over the passions, while we *calmly* allow millions to die of, and hundreds of millions to suffer from, various preventable diseases, simply for want of a proper sanitary tribunal. The most ordinary observer must be struck with the huge blunder.

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**THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT** where it has been taken in the **Earliest Stages** of a **Disease** it has, in innumerable instances, **PREVENTED** what would otherwise have been a **SEVERE ILLNESS.** The **Effect** of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' upon a **Disordered** and **Feverish Condition** of the **System** is **SIMPLY MARVELLOUS.** It is, in fact, **NATURE'S OWN REMEDY,** and an **UNSURPASSED ONE.**

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**CHESS.**  
**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**  
*Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.*

J K SPENDER, M.D. (Bristol).—Our point was that we always acknowledge errors, the case you cite being an illustration. When a solution is published, you may take it the problem is correct.

H D O BERNARD.—Yes, the magazine is a good one. Apply to Mr. Brown, 19, Bagby Street, Leeds.

F LIBBY (Leamington).—It shall have our attention.

A C CHALLENGER (Lambeth).—Thanks for your promise.

J N CARROLL (Southampton).—They shall be examined.

J H BLAKE (Southampton).—"Obvious and natural," we admit, ought not to have been the terms employed, although the play suggested is neither fatal nor bad. For the rest, we do not see what entitles the author of Black's twenty-sixth move to lecture us about our business.

**CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2733** received from C A M (Penang); and Upendranath Maitra (Calcutta); of Nos. 2734 and 2735 from Upendranath Maitra (Calcutta); of No. 2737 from Professor Charles Wagner, F W Quilter, D.D. (Worcester), and Rev. Armand De Rosset Meares (Baltimore); of No. 2738 from C E H (Clifton), Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), F A Carter (Maldon), and Arthur Wheeler (Workop); of No. 2739 from I K S (Bristol), William Clugston (Belfast), Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), Arthur Wheeler, C E H (Clifton), A G Filby (Bromley), C F R J., F W Quilter, D.D., Eugene Henry (Lewisham), Hermit, L Desanges, Oliver Icingle, C A Hill, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), H S Brandreth, Castle Lea, C W Smith (Stroud), Arthur Berry (Wrotham), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), H D O Barnard, J D Tucker (Leeds).

**CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2740** received from Alpha, Hereward, C W Smith (Stroud), M Kicloff, F N Braund (Farnham), J D Tucker (Leeds), C E H (Clifton), Arthur Wheeler (Workop), W D A Barnard (Uppingham), J Coad, C E Perugini, G T Hughes, W H Williamson (Belfast), G R Albiston (Old Trafford), Eugene Henry, H Le Jeune, T Chown, P J Candy (Croydon), G J Veal, Shadforth, F W C (Edgbaston), E B Poord (Cheltenham), W R Raille, Bluet, F James (Wolverhampton), R H Brooks, T G (Ware), T L Gilliespie, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), T Roberts, J S Wesley (Exeter), F Anderson, Castle Lea, Edward J Sharpe, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), E P Vulliamy, W David (Cardiff), Edwin J Rist (Haverhill), Dawn, Tanderagee, M A Eyre (Folkestone), C A M (Ayr), and Charles Rossiter (Crewe).

**SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2739.**—By F. LIBBY.  
WHITE.  
1. Q to Q R 8th.  
2. Mates accordingly.

**CHESS IN AMERICA.**  
*Game played between Messrs. SHOWALTER and E. KEMNY.*  
*(Ruy Lopez).*

WHITE (Mr. S.) BLACK (Mr. K.)  
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th  
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd  
3. B to Kt 5th Kt to B 3rd  
4. Castles Kt takes P  
5. P to Q 4th B to K 2nd  
6. Q to K 2nd Kt to Q 3rd  
7. B takes Kt Kt takes B  
8. P takes P Kt to Kt 2nd  
9. P to Q Kt 3rd

Up to this point the variation is well recognised. Obviously the advance of P to Q Kt 3rd is preparatory to a rather pretty line of play by B to Kt 2nd.

10. B to Kt 2nd  
Or he may well try Kt to Q 4th at once, followed by R to Q sq and B to Kt 2nd shortly.

11. Q Kt to Q 2nd P to Q 4th  
12. Kt to Q 4th B to Q 2nd  
13. P to K B 4th P to B 4th

White threatens P to B 6th, which appears a worse evil than P to K 6th, now rendered possible.

14. P to K 6th B to K sq  
15. P to K Kt 4th P takes P

WHITE (Mr. S.) BLACK (Mr. K.)  
16. Q takes P B to B 3rd  
17. Q R to K sq Kt to K 5th

Black appears to have overlooked that after 18. Kt takes Kt, P takes Kt, 19. Kt to B 6th was not only possible, but sound. In any case, White had the superior position. Now everything appears to go in a few moves, and White plays splendidly.

18. Kt takes Kt P takes Kt  
19. Kt to B 5th  
If now B takes B, White replies P to K 7th.

20. P to K 7th B takes P  
21. Kt takes Kt P B to B 3rd  
22. Kt to K 6th Q to K 2nd  
23. Kt takes R K takes Kt  
24. P to B 5th B to B 2nd  
25. B takes B Q takes B  
26. R takes P R to Q sq  
27. Q to R 4th Q to Q 3rd  
28. P to B 6th Q to B 4th (ch)  
29. K to R sq R to R 4th  
30. Q to B 4th R to Q 2nd  
31. Q to R 6th (ch) K to K sq  
32. P to B 7th (ch) B takes P  
33. R to K Kt sq (ch) Resigns

**CHESS IN RUSSIA.**  
*Game played between Count OURUSSOR and Mr. E. SCHIFFERS.*  
*(Four Knights Game.)*

WHITE (Mr. S.) BLACK (Count O.)  
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th  
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd  
3. B to Kt 5th Kt to B 3rd  
4. Kt to Q B 3rd B to Q Kt 5th  
5. Castles Castles  
6. Kt to Q 5th Kt takes Kt  
7. P takes Kt Kt to Q 5th  
8. Kt takes Kt P takes Kt  
9. Q to Kt 4th Q to B 3rd  
10. P to K B 4th Q to Kt 3rd  
11. Q to K R 4th P to K B 4th

To ordinary observers it would appear that Q takes B P is sufficiently good. Black's game is, however, undeveloped at this period, and P to B 4th was also threatened.

12. P to Q R 3rd B to R 4th  
13. P to Q Kt 4th P to Q R 3rd  
14. B to Q 3rd B to Kt 3rd  
15. B to Kt 2nd P to Q 3rd  
16. Q R to K sq P to Q B 4th  
17. P takes P B to Q sq

WHITE (Mr. S.) BLACK (Count O.)  
18. Q to R 3rd P takes P  
19. P to B 3rd Q to Kt 3rd  
20. B to R sq P to B 5th

The game is full of point and interest. The continuations on both sides are clever and deep.

21. B takes B P Q to B 4th  
22. B to Kt 3rd P takes P (dis. ch)  
23. K to R sq Q takes R P  
24. Q takes Q B P B to K B 3rd  
25. P to Q 6 (dis. ch) K to R sq  
26. R to K 8th

The last three or four moves of White are in the nature of an elegant problem in practical play.

26. R takes R  
27. Q takes B R to K Kt sq  
28. Q to B 7th B to Q 2nd  
29. R to K sq Q takes P  
30. R to K 7th Resigns

**PROBLEM No. 2742.**  
By F. HEALEY.  
BLACK.

**WHITE.**  
White to play, and mate in three moves.

The news of the death of Mr. W. H. K. Pollock will be received with sincere regret by every one who knows what a peculiar place he filled in the chess world. While not a successful player as counting by results, he was one of the finest the game has yet known, and some of his performances will not readily be forgotten. His classic contest with Weiss in the New York Congress is familiar to everybody, and raised him to the fellowship of the "Immortals," while even as recently as the Hastings Tournament last year he scored off both Steinitz and Tarrasch in a scarcely less striking fashion. He was for some time Chess Editor of the *Baltimore News*, and more recently settled in Montreal, from which town he returned to England two months ago only to die.

**SCIENCE JOTTINGS.**  
BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The "silly season" has been marked this year by a certain variety in the topics discussed by those who "write to the papers." Whether or not, as has been unkindly suggested, certain of these newspaper discussions are really started "in the office," one must at least be grateful for the fact that the sea-serpent question has enjoyed a well-merited rest, and that the big gooseberry has apparently remained in an undeveloped condition during the present summer. Among the topics which have been threshed out of late days, that concerning the manners of children seems to me one of great importance—I mean national importance, as well as importance of a family and personal kind. Long ago in this column I made reference to this topic in connection with the subject of chastisement in schools. My own experiences as a schoolboy, and certain later experiences of mine when I had charge of big classes of lads (who were wont to imbibe the elements of science at my hands) may entitle me to speak with some little show of authority on the question of children's manners and the most desirable way of refining them.

I have no sympathy with the sentimental gush that regards the abolition of corporal punishment as a necessity of, and advance in, modern education. True, the old style of thrashing for any and every fault was barbarous, but I am not sure that it did not turn out better lads than does the modern system, which regards "moral suasion" as the only weapon with which the teacher should be provided. Every teacher will agree with me that there is a certain species of boy on whom moral suasion is utterly wasted. When he is remonstrated with by the teacher, he regards the well-meant reproof as a sign of mental weakness on the part of his instructor. This is the kind of lad who, to my certain knowledge, will demoralise a whole class by his influence and example. Good boys, seeing him play his antics (and not always harmless and decent ones) without fear, are apt to imitate him in the exercise of that display of independence which boys dearly love to exhibit. If, therefore, the teacher, finding all his sarcasm and all his reproofs to be thrown away, is left helpless, I should say the only thing left for him to do is to resign his post. As an educator and as a disciplinarian, his office is gone.

I well remember having to lecture to a class of some sixty public-school boys on physiology. The class, as a whole, was deeply interested in the work. Boys, like "children of a larger growth," can be deeply interested "in their insides" and in the story of their bodily mechanism. But in the class there were two boys who from the first day of the session set themselves deliberately to worry and annoy me. Being only an outside teacher, as it were, they imagined my authority was of none effect, and, notwithstanding all my remonstrances, these lads threatened to upset the behaviour and to spoil the work of the whole class. One of these two boys was a thoroughly vicious lad—just the type of boy for whose conduct, I contend, there is no remedy save

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physical force. Finally, I resolved to take the law into my own hands. I duly warned the lads that I should cease to talk to them, and that I should begin to act on the next occasion on which they were found to be at fault. My opportunity soon came. In the course of an examination I detected one of the lads deliberately using his note-book for the purpose of aiding his answers. I seized him and his book, hauled him out before the class, and without saying a word other than to state that I had caught him cheating, I caned him soundly. Then he was informed that such would be his daily portion unless he mended his manners. Not only was the one flogging effective in curing the boy of his misconduct, but it acted also as a deterrent on his neighbour. I had no more trouble with these boys during the remainder of the session, and a more orderly class could not have been found.

I contend that such power of punishment is for certain boys not only necessary but may be the means of their actual salvation from worse things than wasted school-days. The really bad boy is a physical coward. It is your nice boy, heedless and careless perhaps, but honest and upright as the day, who takes his caning boldly and flinches not at all. Hence, for the bad boy, the flogging has terrors which make it, as a rule, a most effective measure of correction, and I say it is a thousand pities that so much sentiment of the maudlin kind is wasted on the simple matter of needed chastisement. Our fathers and grand-

fathers were wiser in their day and generation, and spared not the rod when it was needed; but to-day we have no right, it seems to me, to complain of the manners of children, when the poor Board School teacher is not merely liable to be abused by an irate parent whose offspring he (or she) has corrected, but to be haled before a police magistrate on a charge of assault. That the manners of children at large are decidedly in need of reform goes without saying, but is their improvement a matter of school discipline alone? I throw not. As a nation, I think, we grow less courteous year by year, and want of manners is becoming a national and not merely a local vice. Even your well-dressed crowd may be an essentially vulgar mob. I have been present at functions where ladies have elbowed and pushed one another about like fishwives, and where, in their anxiety to see or be seen, all traces of courtesy were obliterated. A fashionable wedding crowd will occasionally illustrate these remarks as aptly as is necessary for the proof of my contention.

We shall have all to set to work to reform ourselves in respect of our exercise of courtesy; only in the case of the masses it is a difficult matter to note how the reform is to be begun. Want of the old-fashioned courtesy prevails everywhere, and lack of manners is esteemed to be synonymous with the assertion of manly independence. It is not the masses alone, let us bear in mind, who require a lesson in courtesy. Anyone who has heard a

presumably well-bred man use the interjection "What?" in the sharp, strident tone that prevails when he has missed the point of a remark, will find an apt illustration of the lack of breeding among the classes. The way in which lately I heard a man in the stalls of a theatre perpetually address the lady next him with his rasping monosyllabic "What?" was enough to irritate a person even of the most phlegmatic temperament.

#### WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

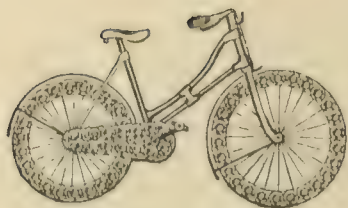
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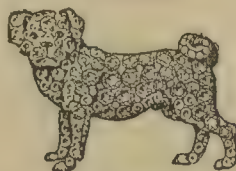
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certain sums advanced to his sons are to be brought into hotchpot.

The will (dated June 13, 1889) of Captain Edmund Waldegrave Park-Yates, of Ince Hall, Chester, and Sandiway, near Northwich, who died on March 11, was proved on Sept. 10 at the Chester District Registry by Mrs. Clementina Churchill Park-Yates, the widow, Paget Peploe Mosley, and Nicholas Albert Earle, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £66,782. The testator gives £500 to Paget Peploe Mosley, legacies to servants, and an annuity of £500 to his brother, James Allan Park. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his wife absolutely.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of the county of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated May 13, 1895) of Mr. John Forrest Stormonth-Darling, of Lidnathie and 38, Palmerston Place, Edinburgh, who died on April 28, granted to Patrick Stormonth-Darling and the Hon. Moir Tod Stormonth-Darling, a senator of the College of Justice, the brothers, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on Sept. 29, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being £39,273 15s. 11d.

The will (dated May 17, 1890), with three codicils (dated Dec. 14, 1893, July 9, 1894, and July 3, 1895), of Mr. Henry Clarkson, of Alverthorpe Hall, near Wakefield, land surveyor, who was associated with George Stephenson

in his railway enterprises, who died on June 8, aged ninety-five, was proved at the Wakefield District Registry on Sept. 24 by William Hall Marriott and Claude Leatham, the executors, the value of the personal value amounting to £15,858. Subject to a few small legacies, the testator leaves all his property, upon sundry trusts, for his wife and three daughters.

The will (dated Oct. 22, 1895), with a codicil (dated Dec. 7, 1895), of Mr. Joseph Whitaker Stapleton, of Rossy Lodge, Central Hill, Upper Norwood, who died on May 14, was proved on Sept. 26 by Mrs. Caroline Stapleton, the sister-in-law, and Reginald James Tyrrell, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £14,872. The testator gives £200 each to the children of his sister, Maria Dix Hull, and of his brother Ryland Stapleton; £4000 equally divided between the children of his brother William Carey Stapleton; £4000 to the executors of his deceased brother Henry Leighton Stapleton, to follow the trusts of his will; and £155 each to his servants Mary Bryant and Emily Eliza Bryant, if in his employ at the time of his death. The residue of his property, he leaves as to one half thereof, to the children of his brother William Carey Stapleton, and the other half is to follow the trusts of the will of his late brother Henry Leighton Stapleton.

The will of Mr. Thomas Barclay Cartwright, J.P., of Grammar School House, Aynho, Northampton, who died on June 5 at Montreal, Quebec, was proved on Sept. 1 by

Guy Le Strange and John Locke Stratton, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £4099.

The will of Mr. Lionel Barrington Simeon, of 33, Montpelier Villas, Cheltenham, Gloucester, and formerly of Naini Tal, North-West Provinces, India, who died at Bournemouth on Aug. 30, was proved on Sept. 30 by Mrs. Elizabeth Simeon, the widow, and Hugh Barrington Simeon, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £2580.

The will of General John Thomas Francis, of Walsingham House, Piccadilly, who died on Aug. 4 at Scarborough, was proved on Oct. 3 by Frederick William Francis, the son and executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £2455.

The will, in her own handwriting (dated Dec. 21, 1894), of Mrs. Emily Harriet Fane de Salis, of Dawley Court, Middlesex, and Teffont Manor, Wilts, who died on July 25, was proved on Sept. 29 by Rudolph Fane de Salis, one of the surviving executors of the will and codicil of William Fane de Salis, the husband, the value of the personal estate being £1930. After bequeathing very many gifts to her relatives, and making many articles heirlooms, the will goes on to say, "As regards Teffont Manor and my nephews, I find it difficult to speak; Richard could not live there, and so I am anxious to enable Walter, who works hard and is anxious to do so, to succeed his Aunt Margaret and mother to the dear old place (or in case of his death, Gerald)."

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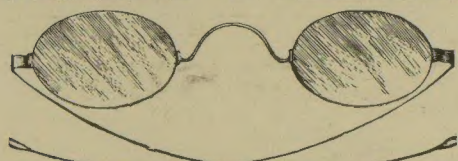
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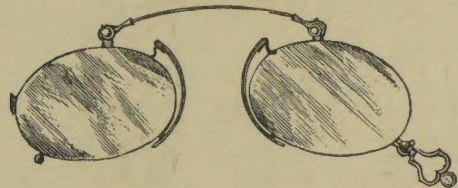
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I administered to him five

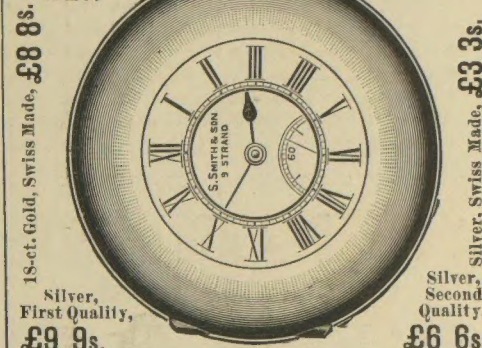
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will never fade from my memory; and  
a friend of mine who passed through  
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The inaugural exhibition of the Society of Miniature-Painters (175, New Bond Street) thoroughly justifies the confidence of its promoters. The art of the miniaturists is almost the oldest in the history of painting, and from the decline of illumination and missal-painting took a firm hold upon the public taste. It was practically introduced into this country by Horebout and Holbein, who came here on the invitation of Henry VIII. Since his time the favour of sovereigns has always been shown to this special class of artists, and although of recent years photography for a time seemed to have superseded miniature-painting in the production of portraits, a revulsion has been steadily setting in for some years, and the Society of Miniature-Painters seems to have been established at an auspicious moment. The conventional meaning of

the term "miniature" has been adopted by the society, but at the same time with such latitude as to allow not only enlarged portraits such as that of Mr. Onslow Ford, R.A., by his colleague Mr. Herkomer, full-length figures, and nude studies, but even subject-pictures on a small scale by Mr. G. G. Kilburne. With such products we have no immediate concern, although it would, we think, be more prudent for the Society to limit from the outset the class of work admissible, excepting even true works "in miniature"—that is, those in which red lead (*minium*) is the predominating pigment. In the present collection there is enough divergence of aim and method to relieve the exhibition of any suspicion of monotony. There are distinct schools of miniature-painters as of other branches, and it is impossible not to recognise in such work as that of Miss Kathleen Behenna (case 57) a freedom of treatment which will not fail to attract imitators. Amongst those artists who stand by the more conventional ways,

Mr. Hugh Nicholson, Mr. Cecil Hobson, Miss Alice Latchford, Miss Mabel Hobson, Miss E. Nora Jones, and Miss Edith Sprague, deserve especial notice. Their work is marked by delicacy of touch and softness of outline—essentials in this branch of painting. At the same time, Miss Louisa Townsend, who protests against such limitation, produces striking results by means of strongly marked lines, and, it must be allowed, throws into her faces more character than is usually obtainable in such work. Mr. Frank Boucher's "Marriage Plaque" (76) and the portrait of Baron Schröder belong to a different art, that of the die-sinker and metal-worker, but they introduce us to a totally new development in votive offerings and memorials, which were much in vogue at the time of the Italian Renaissance. We therefore cordially welcome Mr. Frank Boucher as a benefactor to his generation, and trust that he will find many competent followers in this branch of art.

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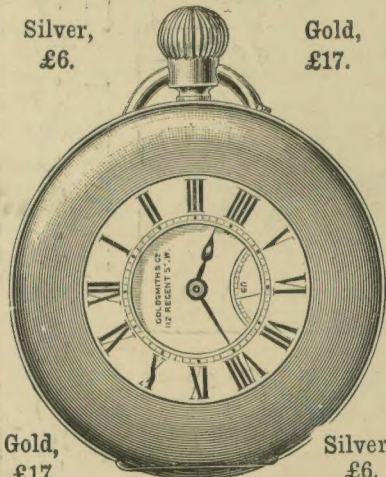
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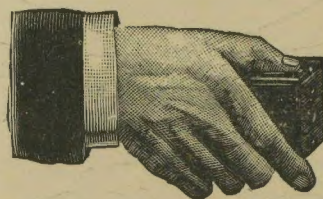


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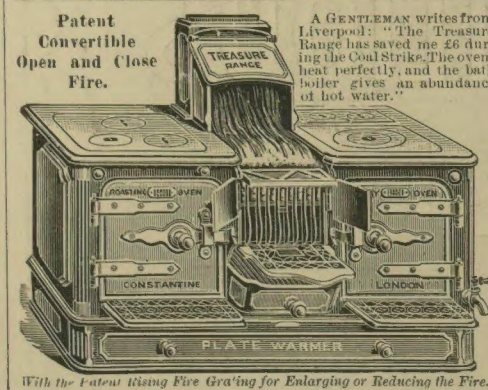
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